"The Living Age Brings the World to America"

THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1925

Nordic or Not?

BY

HILAIRE BELLOC

Chile's President Talks Shop

Our Spoon-Fed Age

BY

DEAN INGE

How Tennyson Looked to His Wife's Relations

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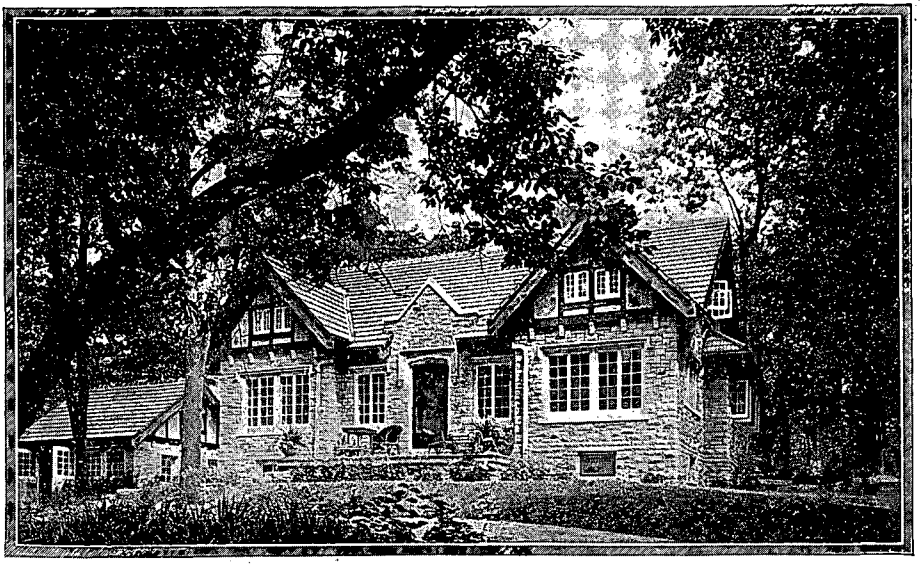

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THE LIVING AGE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

IT has been suggested that an advance copy of the puzzle on the opposite page must have found its way to Mr. Dawes's room in the Hotel Willard on a certain disastrous afternoon some three weeks ago. Try it yourself and see how readily it might beguile anyone who, like the Vice President or the average *Living Age* reader, is thoroughly posted on every angle of politics, literature, geography, and culture throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world.

VERTICAL

1. Italian poet and aviator.
2. Father of Jacob and Esau.
3. What we hope you do to *The Living Age* each week.
4. Pall ——.
5. Produce.
6. French seaport.
7. Thus.
8. First president of the German Republic.
9. To deliver in trust for a special purpose.
11. A city of Central Russia.
12. —— Ruska, a town in Austria.
13. Afresh.
20. One of a South American tribe of Indians.
24. Food for animals.
25. What poor Nicholas used to be.
26. And (Fr.)
27. Czech dramatist, author of R. U. R.
28. Indian soldier employed by a European power.
29. What travelers long to find in a desert (plural).
30. A watch.
31. Turkish vilayet in Asia Minor.
32. Homer's immortal epic.
33. —— do-well.
41. A sea between Europe and Asia.
42. German port, after which a famous submarine was named.
47. A province in South Africa.
48. The gentle Elia.
50. A Persian poet of the 13th century.
52. English writer, recently knighted, famed for his Life of Shakespeare and the author of a new life of Edward VII.
53. Second person singular, present indicative, of verb "to be" in Italian.
54. What you'll get into, intellectually, if you neglect your *Living Age*.
55. Japanese prince and noted statesman.
56. German for "out."
57. Uganda Agrarian Society (abbr.).
58. Legend on the stop light of an automobile.
60. Thou (Ger.).

HORIZONTAL

1. State of being twice married.
6. A municipal borough in Suffolk, England, where the barons met and swore to obtain ratification of Magna Carta from King John (abbr.).
9. Foundation.
10. South American sloth.
11. —— pro nobis.
14. What the natives are said to do to the tourists.
15. A *Living Age* author and French literature s chief ornament who recently died (two words).
16. First name of an American actress now playing in a Vajda comedy.
17. Famous German operatic soprano (initials).
18. Female of the sheep.
19. What you write before James M. Barrie now.
21. A city in Tuscany.
22. A recent British Prime Minister.
23. Abbreviation for Trinitrotoluene.
25. Bohemian.
34. Ex-Empress of Austria, and a contributor to *The Living Age*.
35. Concerning.
36. What *The Living Age* is to foreign understanding.
37. Initials of a famous Mexican general and ex-president.
38. Initials of the chief American newsgathering agency.
39. South Georgia (abbr.).
40. Cold as ——.
42. To — or not to —.
43. On many traffic signs.
44. One (Ger.).
45. A river in Switzerland.
46. An Archipelago north of Scotland.
49. Privy Seal (abbr.).
51. A seaport in South Eastern Spain.
56. One of the Triple Entente.
59. A city in British India.
60. A town in Kamerun, W. Africa.
61. A paid publicity notice.
62. A 20th century Caesar who wears a black shirt — and is of course a *Living Age* contributor (two words).

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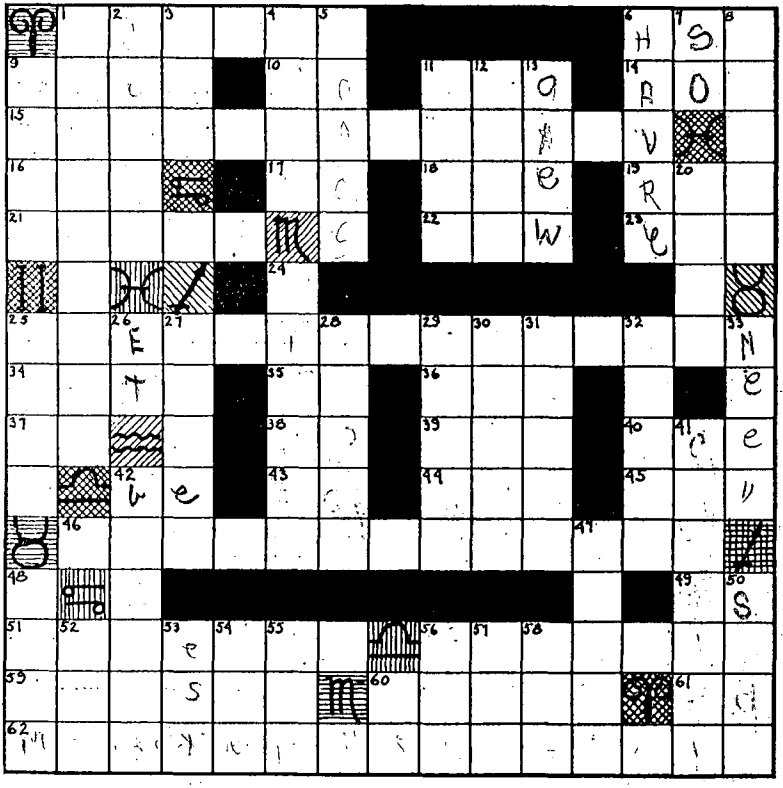

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THE LIVING AGE

April 4, 1925

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THIS WEEK

FROM now on this page is going to be respectable. No more puns, no more cheap flippancy, no more competition with the witty gentleman from *Scribner's* on the back cover. Here we are in the magazine, and here we mean to stay, even if we have to be refined to achieve our purpose.

❦ ❦ ❦

Glancing through this issue — and it 's a good one, if we do say so — the alert reader will find his attention attracted by such words as 'Nordic,' 'Race,' and 'Spoon-Fed Age.' The plump *Mr. Belloc* does not care for Nordics, with their blond, long, empty heads. *Dean Inge*, the Jeremiah of London who will soon be bringing his Message of Gloom over to the States, evidently thinks we are not Nordic enough. *D. H. Lawrence*, himself a Nordic gone Latin, as you might say, finds diversion and literary inspiration among the Hopi Indians of Arizona, who dance about with rattlesnakes clenched between their teeth. Well, they 're not spoon-fed, at all events.

❦ ❦ ❦

Henri de Kerillis, the direct opposite of Mr. Lawrence and a Latin gone Nordic, has been visiting savage tribes too, only his were in the Sahara, where men are sheiks and women live in harems. M. de Kerillis regards these people with mixed emotions, but with approval on the whole, for who is a Frenchman to object to polygamy? And, besides, they provide a novel sort of spectacle. *Grete Diel* — you can make your own pun on that name — has nothing at all to say in extenuation of the atrocious behavior of the Bedouins, who conducted such a fierce raid on the wounded Germans whom she was nursing in Palestine that even the English forgot the war for a few hours and helped out their fellow Nordics in distress.

❦ ❦ ❦

But to change the subject to non-Nordics, look at Chile — or rather look at the two articles on Chile, for it amounts to the same thing in the end. This vigorous republic is inhabited by Latins and exploited by Nordics — though the Latins are beginning to wake up. They started to express their disgust in the conventional South American way and held a successful Revolution. Soon after, *President Alessandri* was off on a speaking-tour in Europe.

❦ ❦ ❦

Ludovic Naudeau is another anxious Latin. He was led around behind the scenes in Germany, and has a startling tale to tell. By establishing the Rentenmark the hungry haggard Teuton of 1923 is transformed into the hustling healthy German of 1925. He has factories, ships, a big export-business, and a high birth-rate — all of which reminds Frenchmen unpleasantly of 1914.

❦ ❦ ❦

Tennyson and *Margot Asquith* — her new name of Lady Oxford sticks in one's throat — are a strange pair, and it is a wonder that the magazine does not fall apart with such a clash of personalities going on between its modest covers. Margot is her old self, as full of entertaining gossip as a small-town postmistress, as well posted on the affairs of the day as the British Foreign Secretary. Tennyson's charm is of a different order. He seems somehow a trifle out of date to this generation of Lytton Stracheys and F. Scott Fitzgeralds; but *Willingham Franklin Rawnsley*, an old friend and cousin-in-law, tells stories of the late laureate, starting in 1850, when Tennyson was munching sage at the Rawnsleys' after breakfast, and going right down to 1892, when Mrs. Rawnsley laid a single wreath on the poet's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

❦ ❦ ❦

All of which is somewhat removed from the Nordics. But then we have the word of 'A Leading British Authority' that anybody who presumes to talk about race is talking through his hat — and who are we to deny it?

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THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD IN MARCH

RATHER notably, three of the four prominent men who passed off the stage of public life abroad last month were Socialists. President Ebert's death removes a moderator of the Republic whose loss is felt by practically all Parties in Germany. Seldom has a man occupying a high post involving so many contentious possibilities won such general esteem. Hjalmar Branting, like Ebert, was a man whom post-war problems brought to the fore. It does not minimize his distinguished career in Sweden to credit his international reputation chiefly to his services at Geneva. He too was a moderating influence, an exponent of sanity and balance in the feverish tribulations of war-torn Europe. Lord Curzon's death removes a pillar of the old diplomacy, a defender of the traditional conception of empire, who distrusted to the last the internationalist tendencies of the present age. Sun Yat-sen's name will be permanently identified with the history of China, although he may be finally rated the Thomas Paine rather than the Alexander Hamilton — and certainly not the George Washington — of the Republic. He seems to have caught the idea that China's national problem is social as well as political; and this is a fruitful thought likely to seem more important to-morrow than it does to-day.

Foreign comment upon President Coolidge's inaugural address dwelt chiefly upon the religious tone of his message. The Radical *New Statesman* waxes sarcastic: —

> '*Almost* Puritan uprightness' is a good phrase; but it is a very inadequate description of the more exalted passages of the speech. 'America,' said the President, 'seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force. No ambition, no temptation, lures her to the thought of foreign dominions. The legions she sends forth are armed, not with the sword, but with the Cross. She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God.' We do not think we have heard anything quite like that since the war days when Horatio Bottomley and the German Kaiser were in full throat.

The *Manchester Guardian* is more appreciative: —

> In his concluding passage, Mr. Coolidge strikes a note that will be heard with deep feeling in countless American homes. His country, he declares, 'cherishes no purpose

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save to merit the favor of Almighty God.' The spirit of such words, seldom heard from such a quarter since Lincoln gave to the English-speaking peoples some of their noblest models of devotional eloquence, is the spirit in which Mr. Coolidge deals with the principal subject of his address — namely, the position of the United States in regard to international affairs.

Such progress as has been made during March toward a solution of Europe's two major problems, the settlement of debts incurred during the last war and insurance against a future war, appears on the surface to be negative. The question of indebtedness to the United States is in abeyance, and a silence too sudden to be spontaneous has settled over that subject. Mr. Churchill's Note to France remains the final significant declaration in diplomatic finance. The *Economist* considers it the second milestone in Britain's international credit policy since the war, and thinks it appreciably modifies the stand she took in the Balfour Note. The latter tried 'to create the impression that our payment to America is not part of the war costs chargeable against Great Britain at all, and does so by making two false suggestions. The first is that our borrowings in America were not for our own use, when, in fact, they were largely spent upon feeding our own people; the second is that America, unwilling to lend to our Allies, handed the money to us to pass on to them, whereas, in fact, the United States was lending the European Allies 1315 million pounds sterling, while she was lending Great Britain 940 million pounds sterling.' Removing this false presentment of the case, 'there is no special characteristic of our American debt that differentiates it from other war-costs or creates a claim in equity that this precise amount ought to be repaid to us rather than any other sum which Europe can afford to pay.'

Therefore Mr. Churchill's Note represents a step toward fruitful negotiations. He does not tell France and Great Britain's other war-debtors that they must pay his Government the full sum it is paying to the United States. 'The doctrine that we *must* in all circumstances get as much from Europe as we pay to America, and that if Germany does not produce it France and Italy must do so, is quietly abandoned.' In other words, Great Britain proposes that her debtors pay her on an elastic basis such as has been granted Germany under her Dawes receivership.

France received the Note tolerantly rather than joyfully. An important section of French opinion clings tenaciously to the idea that all the war debts will be eventually canceled. Gradually, however, the necessity of making a settlement with creditors, naturally on the best basis possible, is gaining acceptance. Italy has not reached this point. The *Saturday Review* says: 'There is, perhaps, only one topic upon which the whole of intelligent Italian opinion is united, and that is the question of Interallied debts. . . . It writes down France's capacity to make external payments to almost nothing and Italy's to a point indistinguishable from zero, and finally asks, with some relevance, what can Britain and America do if Italy and France refuse to pay?'

An unexpected twist in international debt-relations has embroiled Germany and Rumania. Rumania has claims against Germany under the Versailles Treaty for the restoration of cattle, railway rolling stock, and other property seized by the German army when in occupation of her territory; for compensation for property surrendered to Germany under the Bukarest Treaty forced upon her by that country during the war; and for indemnity for more than two billion lei of paper currency

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issued by the German authorities in occupation and paid to Rumanian subjects for supplies. Berlin argues that these are reparations claims to be paid out of the Dawes collections, and asserts that since she is in a receiver's hands she cannot pay money to creditors except through her receiver. Count Bernstorff's *Deutsche Einheit*, while sympathizing with Rumania, puts the case as follows: 'Germany is tied hand and foot by the Dawes agreement. She made a settlement with her creditors at London. All her creditors signed that settlement. Then the creditors got together at a meeting of their own in Paris on January 7. There the Great Powers kicked out of the room the Little Powers who clamored for the payment of their claims. What have we to do with that?' We were not even present.'

Mr. Chamberlain's rejection of the Protocol puts the security question, to quote one French publicist, 'exactly where it was when the United States refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, thereby destroying the guaranty treaty in exchange for which France renounced the neutralization of the Rhine.' Some British writers dispute this. The *Spectator* thinks the present insecurity of Europe is due in no small degree to errors committed since the Treaty was made — naturally not by Great Britain. It says: 'To be frank, France seems to have become extraordinarily reckless in the use of the tremendous position of power which she acquired in Europe under the Treaty of Versailles — a power which no one in this country would have grudged her if she had used it wisely toward Germany and with fairness and consideration toward ourselves.'

Two alternatives for the Protocol are under discussion: a new guaranty treaty resembling the one that failed at Versailles, and confined only to the Allies, and a more comprehensive security pact including Germany. A defensive alliance confined to Great Britain, France, and Belgium would offend the smaller Allied nations of Central and Eastern Europe, especially if it were limited to repelling aggression against France and Belgium alone. Count Skrzynski, the Polish Foreign Minister, promptly voiced this feeling in a sensational speech in the Warsaw Parliament. But Britain will have nothing to do with a more comprehensive pact if it does not include Germany. To put the situation in a nutshell, England will not actually fight to preserve the present Polish boundary. Meanwhile, a large group in France insists, with Jules Sauerwein in *Le Matin*, upon (*a*) permanent control of German armaments, (*b*) a military alliance of the Allies, and (*c*) a guaranty pact embracing France, England, Belgium, Germany, and Italy.

This leaves as the third possible solution the so-called German plan for a Security Pact, which is said to have been inspired by the British Foreign Office, and apparently conforms with British policy and interests. It provides for a mutual guaranty treaty between France, Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, to be supplemented by a special arbitration-treaty between Germany and her Eastern neighbors. The fly in the ointment, so far as France is concerned, is the last provision. Germany will bind herself not to attack Poland in order to secure territorial readjustments that she believes to be her right and that she refuses to perpetuate over her signature, but she will not recognize the existing frontiers as final, and reserves the privilege of securing their modification by any non-military means in her power, either now or hereafter. Accompanying this is probably the further claim to unite outside territories having a preponderant

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German population, like Austria, with Germany proper by a plebiscite. Local politics aside, — for M. Millerand and his followers, like the German Nationalists, seem ready to play the belligerency card to win their game at home, — the French probably welcome this overture. *Quotidien*, an Herriot daily, reflects: 'Most assuredly it will be just and right to force peace upon Germany if she shows herself recalcitrant. But most assuredly, too, it will be still better not to have to impose such a peace.'

Within this larger diplomatic orbit are smaller orbits that cause mutations in its path. One of these is the unsettled status of Germany's armaments. We shall print next week a notable contribution to this theme by a French writer, and pass it over here except to call attention to the fact that the report of the Interallied Control Commission has not been made public. The second wheel within a wheel is the negotiation for a commercial treaty between France and Germany, in which world-important economic interests are involved. A provisional agreement has been signed for a period of nine months, pending the conclusion of a formal commercial treaty between the two countries. It provides for the exchange of raw materials and manufactured products on a most-favored-nation basis, mostly at minimum tariff-rates lower than those applied to the goods of any third nation. The treaty is said to be postponed on account of the failure of big capital in the two countries to get together. That is, trust versus trust have proved more intractable negotiators than government versus government.

Part of the difficulty springs from the fact that the German tariff is more flexible than the rigid French tariff, so the situation resembles one where a business representative with wide discretionary authority tries to deal with a business representative having limited discretionary authority. In both Germany and France there are two groups in the iron and steel industry: producers of unmanufactured and semi-manufactured materials, and the intermediate consumers who convert these materials into finished, ultimate products. In France these groups, the Schneider-Creusot and the De Wendel interests respectively, are still rivals, and the difficulties of the one have not always been unwelcome to the other. The Germans, on the other hand, are solidly united. They have established such a complete community of interests between producers and consumers of raw materials that the whole industry is scientifically rationed with supplies produced by its own members, as if it were controlled by a single company. Whatever raw iron is imported is brought into Germany by a single controlling body, in carefully regulated contingents, and through the hands of the iron-producing industry, which exercises much the same control over allotments, priorities, ultimate prices, and the like that our War Industries Board exercised in the United States during hostilities with Germany.

With the opening of Parliament Ramsay MacDonald returned from his West Indian cruise with recuperated health, and has resumed his not uncontested position at the head of his Party. He and Lloyd George are competitors for the leadership of the Opposition; and the Laborists, whose following is normally more discordant than that of other Parties, can hardly tolerate internal dissensions with the possibility of a Liberal revival facing them.

The Conservative Cabinet has withheld its endorsement from a proposal to restrict the right of trade-unions to use their funds for Party purposes. This and other appearances of flinching prompt the Tory *National Review*,

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which dismisses Laborists and Liberals alike as incompetently led, — 'political opponents whom an unkind fate has placed at the disposal of Back Numbers,' — to remark that it is unfortunate that Mr. Baldwin chose to surround himself with a Cabinet of 'confirmed wobblers — that is, men who have wobbled so long that wobbling has become their second nature.'

South Ireland has just endorsed the Free State Government at several by-elections. During the campaign the Republicans denounced the Catholic bishops for dragging politics into religion. Father O'Flanagan, a prominent Republican orator as well as a popular priest, criticized Irishmen at a De Valera meeting in Dublin for 'tolerating too much ecclesiastical influence in secular affairs,' and told his hearers to get back to the policy of O'Connell, who said, 'We take our religion from Rome and our politics from home.' At the same time, however, the Republicans accused their Free State opponents of retaining Free Masons in official posts and electing members of that society to the Senate; but apparently these charges had little influence with the voters.

French politicians have been preoccupied with the return of Caillaux, who seems to have eclipsed M. Briand as heir apparent to the Premier's chair. Perhaps the two men will neutralize each other and give Herriot an added lease of power. Columns of feverish political polemics filled the French press on Caillaux's 'comeback,' and it received wide attention in the press of neighboring countries. Part of this fame, or notoriety, is due to his sensational career, and part unquestionably to his reputation as a financier. The high lights of his Magic City speech last February were: France should have inaugurated a policy of reconciliation with Germany in 1919, which would have insured her not only peace but prosperity; Germany's Reparations payments and France's Interallied debt payments should have been linked together from the outset; a capital levy at the present moment would be difficult, and it would be preferable instead to consolidate the internal debt — though how was not stated; whatever is done must be done with decision and firmness. Caillaux avoided mentioning the religious question. Some imagined they discovered subtle disparagement of Herriot in certain turns of the speech. M. Caillaux toured the North during March, where, according to Radical journals, he was received with great enthusiasm.

Italy has been having more 'suppressions.' Early in March Mussolini suddenly suspended the president and administrative council of the Association of Ex-Service Men, and replaced them by three Fascist commissioners. He gave several reasons for this action, the principal being an alleged attempt to use the Society against his Government. These ex-Combattenti are said to have six hundred thousand members. Behind Giolitti, Salandra, and Orlando, the elderly ex-Premiers, aged between sixty-four and eighty-two, who are now opposing Mussolini, stands a group of younger men, like Senator Luigi Albertini, director of the great Milan daily *Corriere della Sera*, Giovanni Amendola, editor of *Il Mondo*, the paper that published the Rossi Confession, and Vittorio Vettori, the youngest of them all, who is now head of the *Giornale d'Italia*. Vettori is described by a British correspondent in Italy as 'a dangerous man, a will and courage as strong as anything in the country, no more conscience than a Fascist under-secretary, and a very exact knowledge of the undergrowth of the situation.' Let Mussolini yield a step and these enemies will turn his retreat into a rout.

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Africa has had a momentary respite from sensations. Morocco has been quiet; Egypt has concluded the election of her new Parliament without untoward incidents. Zaglul Pasha, who first stirred the passive fellahin that form ninety per cent of the population to interest in independence and religio-socialist reforms, has won; it is said to the disappointment of King Fuad, who is jealous of his Grand Vizier's popularity. South Africa has voted to return to the gold standard, chiefly for business reasons, but partly perhaps because this gesture of financial independence flatters the Afrikanders. Urgent racial and labor issues face both Central and South Africa, of which we shall have more to say in an early issue.

It becomes increasingly evident that the Geneva conferences have stirred up the opium question without settling it. The fact that white colonial administrators discouraged a radical programme of suppression has made restriction policies popular with Asiatic leaders, who might otherwise have been lukewarm. A native member of the Council of State at Delhi attacked in that body the growing abuse of opium in India. He declared that in Bombay the infant death rate had reached 652 per thousand, and eminent doctors had certified that over ninety per cent of the babies of mothers working in the mills were daily doped with opium. Another native member deplored India's export of opium to China. Nationalist leaders in China — this does not include the military commanders, who despotically exploit that country — are lifting voices in favor of energetic suppression.

Japanese newspapers received up to the date of writing are politely skeptical regarding a second disarmament conference at Washington. Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* thinks such a meeting may have been suggested to our Government by Great Britain in order to slip out of the Protocol snare at Geneva. 'It is not the duty of the United States to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Great Britain. We would never oppose an international disarmament conference, but if universal disarmament comes it must aim at true peace' — it must not have a disguised military purpose, such as eliminating Japanese influence from China.

Primo de Rivera, President of the Spanish Directory, recently stated in a political speech: 'The future of Spain lies in South America.' This did not please the French, who would like to see Latin — that is, Gallic — influence dominant in that continent. *Le Temps* reviews Spain's courtship of her former colonies during the past few years, and declares that the Spanish cause is not making progress in the Americas, because it meets the opposing current of Washington Pan-Americanism — nothing is said of the antagonistic agitation from Paris — and because resurgent 'Indianism' has become a widespread cultural and economic movement among the laboring masses of Mexico, Central America, and the southern continent. The latter was present in the recent political agitation in Chile, it exists all along the western seaboard of South America, it runs parallel with the agrarian victories won during the last Mexican revolution, and it expresses itself in Central America in such proposals as that to rechristen the republic of San Salvador by its aboriginal name, Cuscatlan, and to rename the capital city Atlacatl, after the cacique who defended the country against the Spanish conquistadores.

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CHILE AND HER PRESIDENT

EXEGESIS AND ELOQUENCE

[We print below two articles upon Chile, which is in the high light of South American affairs on account of its recent irregular changes of Government, and the settlement of its long-standing dispute with Peru and Bolivia by the Tacna-Arica arbitration. Arturo Torres Rioseco is a Chilean writer and scholar who for five years has resided in the United States as a professor at the University of Minnesota. His article appeared in the February 2 issue of *Repertorio Americano*, a weekly journal dealing with Spanish-American affairs published at San José, Costa Rica. The second article is an address delivered by President Alessandri at a banquet given in his honor by *L'Ère Nouvelle*, a Paris pro-Herriot daily, just before he left Europe to resume his post as Chief Magistrate of Chile. It was originally printed in the February 16 issue of the paper that was his host.]

I

Chile is one of the richest countries on our continent. She possesses nitrates, coal, and other rich mineral-deposits. Her grazing-industry is an abundant source of wealth. But above all she is essentially an industrious nation. Her Government ought, therefore, to have an ample revenue, and her people should be rich and peaceful, and should make steady progress toward greater material and cultural well-being. But in spite of all her advantages, Chile's economic condition has been going from bad to worse ever since her war with Peru in 1879, and to-day she stands on the verge of national insolvency.

Her people look forward to better things. Seeing their country steadily sinking, they staked their hopes on political reform, believing the Conservatives to be opportunists and robbers and the Radicals to be the apostles of a new era. That is still the popular belief, for until five years ago only a very few families understood or took part in politics. Those families divided the high offices among their members and felt themselves the absolute masters of the nation. That explains how President after President, and Ministry after Ministry, watched with criminal silence their country descend steadily toward bankruptcy, while intent only upon enriching themselves as rapidly as possible during their short period of power. That was the situation from the inauguration of our first President down to the administration of Don Juan Luis Sanfuentes of unhappy memory, except possibly during the stormy administration of President Balmaceda, whose democratic sympathies and hostility to the plutocracy provoked a revolution, led by the bigwigs and supported by a portion of the public, that flocked like sheep to a cause it did not understand.

In 1921 Don Arturo Alessandri was elected President of Chile. He belongs to what is called the Radical Party — altogether too strong an appellation, for a Radical in Chile is a man mildly liberal and progressive. His election

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naturally scandalized the nation's traditional masters, who hastened to put every possible obstacle in the path of a man who professed to be a popular savior. Alessandri, in spite of his limited political ability, seems always to have been a national idealist who sought to rescue Chile from the clutches of foreign capital and to govern her for the welfare of the masses. His administration might have been a great success if the reactionaries and capitalists had helped him, or at least had not stood in his way. Alessandri always had in his ministry men of medium ability who tried to administer their offices disinterestedly and honestly. But they encountered the opposition of vested interests and the powerful resistance of an iron tradition. The capitalists and the aristocrats could not tolerate a President who presumed to talk directly to the masses, to explain to the public the Government's difficulties — a man who threatened to deprive foreign investors of their rich pickings for the benefit of domestic industry and capital.

Yet unless the special concessions were swept away, and the old bureaucratic régime were reformed, the economic situation must continue to grow worse, on accout of the errors of former Governments and the incapacity of the Chilean Congress.

In international affairs Alessandri showed a generous spirit of conciliation toward Peru, although he exhibited moral weakness in submitting the Tacna-Arica dispute to the arbitration of the President at Washington. For he thereby fortified Yankee tutelage over Chile's relations with her neighbors.

This Government, which had inspired new hopes in the common people of Chile by its obviously good intentions and democratic sympathies, was tragically overthrown.

Don Arturo Alessandri has always been a turbulent man. He has fought several duels, and possessed when I knew him a faculty of keen sarcasm that made him feared by comfort-loving capitalists and Congressional debaters. He had had the presumption to defeat at the polls one of the wealthiest men in Chile, and from that moment he became a political lion. His candidacy as President was opposed in the basest ways conceivable. Some called him a socialist — a word of vague but ominous meaning in our plutocracy. Others raked up an alleged scandal in his private life. Men even ventured to whisper that he had secret relations with the Government of Peru and planned to betray the country. But no one bethought himself to bring forward the only valid argument against Señor Alessandri — his lack of preparation for the Presidency. The Liberals were immensely proud of their young lion who had plunged into the political arena with such defiant pose and romantic prestige. But what qualification did this man have as an administrator for the high office to which he aspired? Had he rendered distinguished services to the country? Had he written works showing deep knowledge of public problems? Was he endowed with natural gifts that peculiarly fitted him for that high office? Those questions were never asked. The people were fascinated by his eloquent oratory, by his bombastic periods, by his dramatic challenges, by his youthful energy. And in truth, in spite of his lack of preparation for public life, he was infinitely better qualified than the Presidents who preceded him. Most of them had been intellectual mummies who were given the office because they were rich, docile, and innocuous alike to foreign investors and the local aristocracy.

As it is, the Government owes

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115,000,000 pesos in salaries, pensions, and debts to Government contractors. It has contrived by the most absurd methods to enrich the banks. The country does not produce what it should produce. Although exports exceed imports by several million pesos a year, the apparent balance vanishes when we consider that most of the exports are created by the use of foreign capital, and that the profit from them therefore goes into alien pockets. Most mines, nitrate deposits, banks, insurance companies, and traction companies are owned by English, German, or North American capitalists. Therefore, while the Government is insolvent and the people are impoverished, the money that their brains and muscle produce enriches other nations.

The State is incapable of bettering this disastrous situation. If only teachers and other inoffensive employees had suffered, there would never have been even an attempt to better it, but the time came when among those who suffered, those who went without their pay, were the defenders of the traditional oligarchy, those who call themselves the defenders of the country — the army officers and soldiers. On the tenth of December they overthrew the Government. . . . That coup d'état was a disgrace to a nation that aspires to the pompous titles of Democratic and Republican. It was also an insult to the people of Chile. I do not profess to know just what motives moved our soldiers. Hitherto the army of Chile had been the servant of the plutocracy. To-day it violently asserts its equality with that plutocracy, although to do so it has been compelled to destroy the sacred institutions it has sworn to defend.

II

It is a great honor, and a still greater satisfaction, to find myself here among the representatives of the Government, the Parliament, the world of letters, and the press, who incarnate the life and the strength of France.

The controlling forces of this country, the directors of these manifold energies, are seated around this table to do honor to the head of the Chilean nation. It is the soul of France that beats here. This courteous act will find a friendly echo across the seas and the mountains in my country, where we love and admire the great French democracy, which has consecrated the rights of men and the liberty of peoples, and now labors to construct a noble monument of peace.

Peace! Supreme blessing of nations, word of salvation, source of life toward which all eyes strain, horizon where dawns the consoling promise of a better humanity redeemed by suffering!

Nations in their triumphal march toward progress are subject, like travelers, to accidents along the route. My country, alas, has not escaped this law of history. She, too, has fallen into grave and painful difficulties.

The events of the last few months are mischances likely to befall every country that craves progress and that, in its vigorous endeavor to attain the plenitude of its development, encounters obstacles, falls into error, wanders from its route. Nevertheless, reaction has not triumphed. My people have recovered their balance, regained their feet, found the right path again, and already gird their loins for greater and nobler efforts than before.

Neither personal politics nor the spirit of faction has ever prospered in Chile. Her striving, since the very dawn of her independence, since her first struggle for liberty, has been inspired by the aspirations of an idealist democracy seeking to base its national unity on the immutable corner stones of law and justice. Chile has always

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pursued high and generous ideals.

The bright torch of freedom that France held aloft to the world with her clarion call of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' illuminates even our distant shores and has ever been Chile's beacon light throughout her history. What has just happened in my country — the events that make this banquet possible — are but a powerful outburst of her democratic energies.

A movement was started to realize reforms that our historical development had made imperative. Those who sought to accomplish them strayed from their path and disappointed the hope of redemption that the nation rested in them.

Thereupon public opinion, that mighty moral and creative force, asserted itself, and, sweeping aside all resistance, called me back to power in the name of the principles that I have loyally served. Democracy has triumphed — that unconquered and unconquerable moral force that steadily pursues its victorious march toward the goal of its dream — progress based on liberty and law.

The democratic idea upon which our modern civilization is based is a shining sun that is never extinguished. Clouds may conceal it, may temporarily veil its brilliance, but it is always there, eternally radiating light and life to the universe. The democratic idea is seed that, cast upon the soil, germinates under the impulse of a mysterious life-principle, and pushing through all obstacles makes its way irresistibly to the light.

Gentlemen, let us recall what Jaurès, to whom grateful France has just accorded her highest honors, said: 'To set up a republic is to proclaim that millions of men will henceforth be able to determine by their own will their common rule of conduct, that they will be able to differ among themselves without tearing each other to pieces, that their discords will never reach the point of civil war, and that they will never seek in a dictatorship a transitory, cowardly repose and an armistice of death.'

That is the evangel that my fatherland has just proclaimed in the name of, and to the honor of, universal democracy.

I feel myself at home in this company. I feel myself inspired and strengthened in this noble democracy that renders just honors to her heroes who fell on the field of battle, and who pays like honors to the heroes of humanity who devoted their lives to the cause of peace.

I shall return to Chile a modest laborer in a great task. I shall consecrate myself to the welfare of my fellow citizens and of my country, inspired by a new faith in human solidarity and social justice.

I shall return with a tranquil mind, without those hatreds and rancors that should be banished from the bosom of a Chief of State. I shall think only of the future. I shall forget the past except for the wholesome lessons of experience.

Before finishing I wish to address an appeal to victorious France — to France, so great in her days of happiness, and even greater in her hours of sorrow and trial. I wish to say to her: Remember that there exists far away across the sea an immense and prosperous continent peopled by men of the same race and the same temperament as yourself, who are struggling and laboring and steadily moving forward. It is there that the race of to-morrow lives.

Powerful and vigorous democracies are incorporating there the ardent desires and hopes of new nations who are marching to the conquest of the

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future. The South American continent, of which Chile is a part, has been the theatre of Homeric struggles for liberty. Her people are ever ready to sacrifice themselves for a great cause. The citizens of my country have always admired and loved France in her great struggles for liberty, for justice, and for universal peace, based on international fraternity.

WHAT I LEARNED IN GERMANY[1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

GERMANY'S new prosperity is founded on the ruins of her past. If a merchant, a banker, or any other private business man were to do what the German Government has done under the force of circumstances and for reasons of State, he would be regarded in the eyes of the law as a fraudulent bankrupt. In order to create a new currency on a par with gold, Germany was obliged to depreciate her former money to one trillionth of its original value. So, after astonishing the world by an unprecedented test of endurance between 1914 and 1918, followed by a period of privation and economic chaos, she now astonishes us a second time by her extraordinary faculty of recuperation. It would be puerile to deny a fact that every foreigner residing in the country recognizes. All agree that this nation is irrepressible. The present metamorphosis is a miracle. It resembles a feat of prestidigitation rather than of political economy. What actually happened? If setting up the Rentenmark sufficed to change the lean and hungry Teuton of two years ago into the plump and rosy counterpart of the typical German of 1914 that he is to-day, it naturally behooves us to study carefully this wonderful rejuvenator.

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *February* 7, 14

The Rentenmark was not an original German invention. It was based upon an idea applied with success a hundred years ago in Denmark, where the Government, in default of gold, issued currency guaranteed by ample private security. [The same idea was successfully applied in the colony of Pennsylvania even earlier. — EDITOR] To this was added a sort of levy upon capital in the shape of a forced mortgage payable in gold marks upon all the landed estates, industrial and mercantile enterprises, and banks of the country amounting to four per cent of their assessed value. That was the security behind the Rentenmark. This blanket mortgage was designed to yield six per cent interest. Rentenmark bills were redeemable at the holder's option, not in gold or foreign exchange, but solely in interest-bearing securities of five-hundred gold mark denominations, issued by the Rentenbank and bearing five per cent interest. This left the bank a profit of one per cent on the transaction. Contrary to the unanimous prediction of foreign experts, the scheme proved successful. The Rentenmark did not depreciate, because its emission was gradual, and because it remained exclusively a domestic medium of exchange. It did not measure itself against the pound

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sterling or the dollar in foreign markets.

Naturally the Rentenmark was merely an *ad interim* currency. It could not be employed indefinitely. But while it was still serving its purpose satisfactorily the Dawes Plan went into operation and gave Germany a loan of 800,000,000 gold marks to create a gold reserve behind her new bank-notes. So to-day three kinds of money are circulating in Berlin: Reichsmarks, redeemable in gold; Rentenmarks, which we have just described; and also what remains of the old currency, depreciated to one trillionth of its former value.

When the Rentenbank began to issue its marks on November 15, 1923, prices were instantly revolutionized. Foreigners found themselves using a monetary unit that stood at a premium above even the English shilling. This sudden shifting of the cost of living from an inflation to a par basis was a hard experience for our Allied officials in Germany. Imagine what it cost to keep up appearances with the franc worth only twenty pfennigs.

On the other hand, foreign officials in Germany fortunate enough to have had their salaries fixed since the new currency came into use are in a happier position. I am told that the American expert, Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, receives the bagatelle of 180,000 gold marks a year. M. Laverve, the French expert, receives the more modest remuneration of 105,000 gold marks. That is enough to support a person, but if he maintains an establishment in keeping with his position it does not leave a large surplus.

Let my readers bear in mind that discussing Germany in an easy chair at Paris is a very different thing from discussing her at Berlin, with observant Frenchmen who have spent several years there. One evening I had the good fortune to meet at the home of a friend a group of distinguished foreigners thoroughly familiar with German conditions. While they were of different minds regarding many things, they were in complete agreement with the following statement, in which one of the gentlemen present summarized the situation: —

'Germany has emerged from her troubles with immense latent resources. She is like a powerful compressed spring ready to fly up the moment she is released. Her very suffering has strengthened her, for her industrial leaders took advantage of the era of low wages to prepare themselves for the coming competition. She suffered intensely. Her people went hungry. But at the same time she built and equipped new factories and works. She added largely to her railway mileage and her inland waterways. She built a new merchant fleet and she improved her ports and harbors. In brief, her industrial plant, already enlarged to meet the necessities of the war, was still further extended under the stress of inflation and the necessity of finding employment for her people. To-day, though still poor in ready money and momentarily lacking capital, she reappears in the international arena a formidable giant — a little pale and emaciated to be sure, but with muscles steeled by hardship.'

Every gentleman present possessed a rich fund of valuable information about Germany. Each could give a lucid account of what had occurred there since the war. But every one of them hesitated, stammered, and evaded an answer when faced by the direct question: 'What, then, should be our policy toward Germany?'

One of the best informed of those present — and a man of high position — finally answered in this wise: 'Germany, to use a commonplace figure, is just now like a boiler without a safety valve where the steam pressure is rising

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rapidly. We already detect evidence of strain, and wonder when and how the explosion will occur. The difficulty is to prevent the explosion. I believe it is impossible.'

'What!' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean to say that we are hopelessly condemned to a new race of overproduction, such as only yesterday plunged the strongest nations in the world into a bloody war for new markets?'

Will the Germany of to-morrow be just like the Germany of 1914 — determined, for example, to make Russia her economic fief? The same causes produce the same effects. Thanks largely to the vigor of her peasants, her population increases every year by nearly half a million. She cannot feed this constantly growing number by agriculture alone. She must go abroad for food; and to pay for food she must export manufactures. . . .

Let me cite a few facts bearing on this point. Before the war Germany consumed annually 150,000 tons of copper. To-day she uses 250,000 tons. The number of unemployed is constantly decreasing. Strikes are rare. Savings-banks deposits are rising. In Berlin alone they amounted to 11,370,000 gold marks in October and 13,400,000 gold marks in December. The new savings accounts opened in that city during a single month were 6251. The number of failures is rapidly diminishing. There have been marked reductions in the prices of coal, gas, electricity, and in railway freights and postal charges. The salaries of civil servants have been raised. Liberal pensions are paid to ex-army officers. For example, Ludendorff receives 17,600 gold marks a year. A captain's pension is 4000 marks. This is equivalent to 18,000 francs, or exactly the maximum pension that we pay to our retired ambassadors. Simultaneously taxes are being reduced. For example, the sales tax has been successively cut from two and one half per cent to two per cent, then to one and one half per cent, and now — since January 1, 1925 — to one per cent. The amount of coal mined in the Ruhr is at least as large as it was before the war. In 1913 the quantity raised was slightly over 9,602,000 tons. During the first ten months of 1924 it was 9,265,000 tons. Meanwhile there has been a considerable increase in the coal output of Upper Silesia. We witness the same prosperity in foreign trade. To cite one illustration, in 1913 Germany's exports to Argentina were valued at 61,000,000 gold pesos; in 1924 they passed 80,000,000 pesos.

German enterprises enjoy the confidence of foreign financiers. For example, the North German Lloyd has just borrowed a million pounds sterling for ten years from the Prudential Company of London. The *Gesellschaft für Elektrische Unternehmungen* has borrowed 5,000,000 gold marks from a consortium of Belgian, English, Swiss, and Spanish banks. The municipalities of Berlin and Cologne have floated loans for several million dollars in America. I have a list of some thirty cases like these, and no doubt there are many others. Foreign money does not wait an invitation to flow into Germany; it goes there of its own accord. Another evidence of revived confidence is the sensational rise in industrial stocks. Some have advanced from fifty to sixty-five per cent within six months, since the flotation of the Dawes loan for 800,000,000 gold marks.

But what astound most the foreign experts with whom I talked in Germany are the great public works carried out during the inflation period. Having decided to develop her 'white coal,' Germany set herself about the task with almost dizzy speed. She determined first to develop the water power

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of Bavaria, and did so to the extent of two million horse-power, thus replacing twelve million tons of coal a year. To-day the *Bayerwerk's* network of stations covers all Bavaria and supplies electricity to practically every one of its industrial establishments. A similar undertaking was carried out in Saxony, where power is generated from inexhaustible deposits of lignite close to the stations. A network of transmission lines radiating from there supplies current to all Central Germany. For instance, Saxon lignite-stations supply two thirds of the electricity consumed in Berlin. In a word, the moment the Germans found their coal supply threatened by the loss of Upper Silesia and the occupation of the Ruhr they evoked as by a wave of a magic wand new sources of power to replace their losses.

Equally extraordinary in some respects is the installation of an underground telephone system to be completed this year, which will give the country six thousand kilometres of subterranean cables. These have an immense advantage, so experts tell me, over our aerial lines. The United States has been a pioneer in this work, and we have been discussing — and merely discussing — such an improvement ever since 1910. But, while we have been talking, Germany has been working. Not only is a large part of the new installation already in use, but a vastly larger scheme has been worked out for an eventual extension to about twenty-five thousand kilometres. There is incidentally a political motive in all this; for the Government realizes that such a perfected system of communication will contribute powerfully to the unity of the nation.

I knew it. My inquiry would not be complete until I saw Hamburg. I made the trip, and I came back more astonished and more worried than ever. Why worried? Should we worry because our neighbor is not starving? Is his misery indispensable for our happiness? Moreover, is he not our debtor, and are we not therefore interested in his prosperity?

It is not his evident well-being that causes me concern, but the contradiction between it and his recent clamors of distress.

Let me hasten to add that the individual Frenchman visiting this country is conscious of no political hostility. I have the unfailing courtesy and cordial assistance of the Hamburg authorities to thank for the fact that I was able to see there in a short time what an ordinary visitor would not have seen in weeks. One rainy, windy day I spent three hours on a little tug traveling at an average rate of six miles an hour, without leaving the port of Hamburg, whose wharves alone have nearly 120 miles of railway. I was surrounded by ships familiar with every one of the seven seas. I traveled down aquatic avenues bordered as far as I could see with double rows of vessels on either side. I saw single basins as large as an ordinary port; giant cranes capable of lifting 150 tons; huge warehouses fragrant with the aromatic spices of the tropics; massive lock-gates that opened noiselessly and mysteriously to admit us and silently and swiftly closed behind us. And all the while my ears kept catching the throbbing beat of steam hammers and riveters in the distance, where colossal gantry-cranes guarded the cradles of new giants of the deep. For Hamburg is Liverpool and Belfast rolled into one. Its seventeen shipyards when fully occupied employ twenty-five thousand workmen, and have the largest dry-docks in the world.

Yet why should I have been surprised? I already knew that Hamburg's

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total tonnage in 1923 surpassed that before the war — in 1913, 28,730,000 tons; in 1923, 31,947,000 tons. When you mention this to a Hamburg business man he modestly drops his eyes and observes with a sigh that unhappily most of the vessels that visit Hamburg now fly foreign flags. Nevertheless, the Germans have already replaced nearly one half of their lost ocean-tonnage with modern vessels containing the very latest technical improvements.

Hamburg is primarily an importer of raw materials. I made this disconcerting discovery: our Indo-China rice, instead of being unloaded at Marseille, is brought to Hamburg to be bleached and then reshipped to its final market in the two Americas.

So far as my personal observation goes, therefore, the people of Hamburg are doing very well, and their prosperity bears testimony to the prosperity of their country. People do complain that shipbuilding is depressed. This industry now employs only fifteen or sixteen thousand men instead of the normal twenty-five thousand. The authorities tell me that Hamburg has twenty-seven thousand unemployed, as compared with only ten or twelve thousand in periods of pre-war depression. I visited public institutions established long ago to take care of destitute workers under such conditions. They were well filled with people, who doubtless would have preferred to be earning their living. I was further informed that much suffering exists among the working classes. Of the twenty-seven thousand in enforced idleness only fifteen thousand, in round numbers, are entitled to unemployment relief, and this relief amounts to only seven marks for a week of six days. A hotel employee told me that laborers even when working earn only two thirds what they did before 1914, although the cost of living has increased by at least one third.

What are we to conclude from all this? It is a difficult question to answer. Hamburg certainly is, to all appearances, one of the finest and richest cities of Europe. Its port is a beehive of activity. Its shops rival in luxury those of Berlin. Its restaurants, theatres, and other places of entertainment are thronged. Many massive business structures have been erected recently. There is undoubtedly poverty; but there is poverty everywhere.

I find the fact that Hamburg is to all intents and purposes a modern city a subject for serious thought. Seventy years ago its harbor was practically unimproved. It owes its growth and development to the rise of modern industry. Germany was fortunate in having the coal upon which that industry originally rested. This crucial fact, that the Germans controlled great fuel-resources, of which we had but a moderate supply, helps to explain why they are our industrial superiors. But it does not do so entirely. In fact, what we have just said of hydroelectric development in Bavaria — where a source of power has been utilized that we possess as well as our neighbors — shows that the Germans have a faculty for doing things, for obtaining quick results, that we seem to lack. They have not wasted their time upon official inquiries, studying plans, prolix deliberations, eloquent discourses, and finding jobs for political favorites and other unnecessary functionaries. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if what we call American enterprise was not itself 'made in Germany' and taken to America by German immigrants. Anyway, these are the neighbors with whom we have to deal.

Let us try to explain their qualities. First of all, they have a splendid school-

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system, which turns out skillful and conscientious specialists. It is very significant that the élite of each rising generation in Germany does not go in for literature and the fine arts, but for science, and especially applied science — that is, for using the intellect to promote material progress. German publishers print at present fewer novels than do those of France, but on the other hand they flood the market with an incredible number of works upon practical subjects.

I think this explains why international capital is so ready to invest in German enterprises. Its masters perceive instinctively that Germany, endowed as she is with inexhaustible mineral resources and an industrious and disciplined population, and blessed with a great intellectual élite trained in the applied sciences, possesses powers of recuperation that in the long run will irresistibly assert themselves.

We French, while recognizing these facts, must recognize also that the laudable qualities of the Germans are highly dangerous for their neighbors. Can a nation whose whole intellectual élite is passionately devoted to increasing man's mastery over matter, to creating physical wealth, to perfecting mechanism, escape developing traits that impel it to seek world dominion? Predestined to intensive overproduction, and possessed of an overgrown industrial equipment, Germany must at all costs get access to new markets. If she cannot do this peaceably, will she not try to do so by force? Even now, while still hampered by the high costs of production resulting from the rapid restoration of the mark, her manufacturers are organizing, as I discovered at Berlin and Hamburg, to inaugurate an elaborate foreign-trade campaign based on dumping. That is the first move in the ruthless battle for new markets. It means a revival — provisionally in a milder guise — of the economic competition that caused the world cataclysm of ten years ago.

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WITHOUT PREJUDICE[1]

BY MARGOT ASQUITH

SIR PERCY LORAINE told me this story about the Great War.

In 1917 an English friend of his, having been forbidden by his doctors to go on fighting, thought he would travel. He joined a caravan traveling down the pilgrim route which runs past Kermanshah through the mountain ranges of West Persia to the Mesopotamian frontier. His companions were men of all conditions and ages: merchants, rustics, turbaned tribesmen, muleteers, camel-drivers, mullahs and lesser dignitaries of what is called the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Shiah Islam.

Huddled together they talked freely among themselves as the long day waned.

One night under a cold moon some of the younger pilgrims were expressing their views upon the fortunes of the war — which was going badly for us.

'The British will be beaten all to nothing, and the Turk will be free,' said one of them; to which an old man replied: —

'If the Turk is beaten there is an end of all courage in the world.'

'Do not forget,' said another, 'that if the German is beaten that is an end of all science.'

A third said: —

'But if the English are beaten there is an end of all justice.'

Upon which an old mullah put his hand above his head and said: —

'In that case, my brother, God will not allow the British to be beaten.'

Another story was told me of one of our youngest generals in Gallipoli.

He had been distressed at the straight shooting of one of the crack German officers in command of the Turk. Whenever the bravest of his young men exposed themselves they were picked off and shot dead with recurring accuracy. After much time and observation he succeeded, through his field glasses, in recognizing — by his great height and certain marks upon his uniform — his German enemy, and from that moment he decided he would kill him.

One night when the firing had ceased, and the fighting-lines were close, and every soldier was asleep, he observed by a brilliant moon the officer sitting erect under a tree at the end of the Turkish trench. Armed with his revolver he crept out among the high grasses, taking cover to avoid the light, and pausing for fear of the sound of dead leaves. He crawled noiselessly on his stomach till he was within a few yards of the trench, and lay still under the shadow while he took stock of the situation.

Drifts of cloud crossed the moon as he lay motionless, and when they cleared he saw his man was asleep with his head bent back against the trunk of the tree. He hesitated. Could he shoot a sleeping man? Pulling himself slowly on to the top of the trench, he put a heavy hand on the shoulder of the German, pointing his revolver at his forehead. He found that he was dead.

Arthur Rubinstein — whom I should have mentioned among the best racon-

[1] From the *London Magazine* (popular monthly), *December*

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teurs I ever met — was talking to us of the jealousy among great singers. He said that two tenors were chosen to take the same part on alternate nights in a new and arduous opera which was being produced in Milan. The first had such a dazzling success that the manager had not the courage to put the other on the stage, and the second tenor remained for ten days in obscurity and despair.

In the last scene of the opera the hero encounters a bear. He kills the bear, and standing on its dead body sings the final aria, which invariably brought down the house. The part of the bear was played by the theatrical hairdresser, and one day the second tenor persuaded the good-natured barber to let him take the part. When the final scene arrived, to the amazement of the audience the bear refused to be killed, and sparred with the hero to such good purpose that he felled him to the earth. Standing on his prostrate body, he flung off his disguise and sang the aria to a perplexed but enraptured audience.

Jealousy is not confined to opera-singers; you find it chiefly in soldiers and doctors. I think the only profession exempt from it, that I have encountered, — for what reason I do not know, — is the Bar.

Success affects men and women very differently. I have known a few who were improved by it; some made by it; but most get their heads turned and are ruined by it. I should much like to have experienced it — even for a short time — to know how it would have affected me; but I can affirm with truth that I have never been jealous of it. On the contrary I think life would be a drab place if we all walked the same pace, and I follow with joy every good thing that turns up for my friends.

Most of us want to arrive somewhere before we die, if we have any vitality; and the difficulty that presents itself is the goal and the route.

To be cock of a small walk is not an object to aim at, and has transformed many otherwise lovable men and women into standard bores. Subscriptions raised for full-length portraits of fifth-rate people should be stopped by law; and those who are satisfied by being bosses at gatherings given to inferior men, or stringing platitudes upon Patriotism in after-dinner speeches, may earn our surprise but do not add to our amusement. If unrecognized success makes people bitter, I do not think we have lost much by not knowing them, as it denotes the kind of touchiness in men that goes with vanity. Vanity and conceit are very different qualities.

An American journalist asked me if I thought his people thought more of themselves than the British did. I said it was a nice point, and added: —

'You do not think more of yourselves than we do, but you think more *about* yourselves. We live in an older and more interesting country than you do, but you won't hear an Englishman ask any foreigner what he thinks of England; nor, I am afraid, — if an opinion either praising or adverse were volunteered, — would he care a rap for the reply.'

As a nation we are not touchy or vain, but we are conceited. Vanity undermines self-confidence, conceit stimulates it; and if success is the object aimed at, I do not know a defect more likely to ensure failure than vanity. If you refute this by citing the famous men who have been vain, you will find that their vanity did not cover the ground; it was redeemed by qualities of heart, head, or judgment rare even in the humble.

At the end of it all we are social beings, unable to do without one another, and keeping company is not confined to

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servants. It is the company we keep that is going to help us to know ourselves as much as to know other people.

When you have passed the age when you want to be an engine-driver, a bus-conductor, or a bishop, you may have selected a profession which throws you into the companionship of those you would not otherwise have chosen; in the same manner as prowess at games may lead to intimacy with the limited or dull. Golf, cricket, bridge, and tennis-players, while increasing the quantity, may not add to the quality of your acquaintance — nor, may I say, will the society even of cathedral or university towns ensure you against meeting the narrow and dull. It is what you are YOURSELF, and what you contribute, that will ensure you against inferior companionship. Craving for excitement checks the growth of the kind of sensibility that enables you to distinguish between good and bad company, and I have seen both men and women who, having fallen from a higher to a lower status in life, could easily have retrieved their position had they not invariably preferred the society of the fallen. I dilate on this, as I think it one of the most perplexing problems in life.

I remember asking my sister Laura on her return from a fashionable dinner-party — to which she had been unexpectedly invited by an unknown hostess — whether she had enjoyed herself.

'The women and the flowers were lovely,' she replied, 'but I should not have enjoyed it if *I* had n't been there.'

No one of experience would choose the companionship of famous artists for his amusement. What is called Bohemian society is ultimately dull, and actors, actresses, and opera-singers have too little time for the realities of life to be good companions. Being a hero, a villain, or a clown does not help you to find yourself or discover other people. There are, of course, notable exceptions. Mlle. Selly d'Aranyi — the famous violinist — is not only unspoilable, but is a woman of culture, character, and sympathy. Gerald du Maurier, Dame Clara Butt, Walter Rummel, M. Defau, M. and Mme. Kohanski, and Arthur Rubinstein I am proud to call my friends, but they have interests and affections rare even in unadvertised persons. Pressmen are usually vain; and excepting Mr. Spender, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Clifford Sharp, Mr. Desmond McCarthy, and Mr. Masterman, I have hardly ever met one who does not imagine that what he writes influences everything except the climate. It is only fair to add that I know few journalists and am not a favorite; but on the rare occasions when the newspapers do praise me I ask myself uneasily what folly I can have committed.

Urged by Lord Morley, Mr. Texeira, and other friends, and greatly encouraged by Mr. Edmund Gosse, I once published a book, a harmless candid account of my own life. For weeks I was snowed under by press cuttings of the most virulent abuse — not so much by criticisms of my writing, as of my person. How dared I mention truth and beauty when I was a fright and a liar? How dared I allude to culture or refinement when I was vulgar and uneducated? The *Times* devoted columns to the attack, and one enterprising cleric took a volume into the pulpit to warn his congregation on no account to emulate so wicked a person. It is generally supposed that this helps the sale of a book, but in my case 11,500 copies were sold the first day, before the thoughtful press had informed its readers of the true nature of the author.

It matters so little in life whether you are praised or abused. It is what you think of other people more than what

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they think of you that is important, and while clinging to your friends — since personal relations are life — you should enlarge your acquaintance and vary your occupations.

Having no profession and an empty nursery I endeavor to do this, but moving from middle life to young old age is a difficult matter, and one that no one has told us anything about. Jowett said: —

'The truer, the safer, the better years of life are the later ones. We must find new ways of using them.'

I am not sure that I always choose the best way, but when I am not reading, writing, or planning to be with my children, I like enjoying myself. The House of Commons being what it is — so dull that except for the Prime Minister's cryptic utterances there is nothing much to hear, read, or report — I blush to confess I spend some of my afternoons playing bridge. What is called the 'card mind' may or may not be an intellect to envy, but the cleverest men I know are baffling bridge-players, and the interesting ones are seldom free.

I have an exceptionally nice acquaintance with fashionable bridge-players. I play in beautiful houses with wonderful furniture and excellent teas. When my hand is down I look about for something to do. I cannot find a newspaper — but peering about among the bric-a-brac I pounce upon a finely bound book, only to find it holds cigarettes or scissors. The French writing-tables, though covered with flowers and photographs, bills or bonbons, have either no pens or no ink, or paper without envelopes, or envelopes without paper; and by the time I have struggled with drawers that have no handles and matches that will not strike, my partner has revoked.

I pull myself together and say I will change my habits and go to concerts. Seeing a friend advertised to play 'by request' in Wigmore Hall for the last time, I feel my good resolution will be rewarded.

Being long-sighted and having no pockets, I do not take my goggles, but sit down in the dark after nodding to a few friends. Musicians in London do not play to audiences but to congregations, and without knowing the names I know most of the faces and many of the hats of the people who frequent the concert halls.

After settling comfortably into my red seat, I heard the next-door lady exclaim to her companion: —

'Is n't it glorious! no modern music and *nothing* but my favorite composer!!'

Having thrown over my bridge and resisted the Rodeo, — an entertainment which for skill, courage, and good-humor I have never seen excelled, — my curiosity was excited. I said to myself, 'That rules out Stravinsky, Prokovieff, Poulenc, Honegger, Hindemith, Lord Berners, Schönberg, and Szymanowski. Can it mean Wagner?' The lady's face encouraged me in thinking this might be true. No doubt it was a *façon de parler* to say only *one* composer: no one but a Bach or Beethoven expert would choose to play for two hours on a hot afternoon the works of a single composer. It could not be Handel or Haydn — could it be Schumann, Schubert, or Chopin? Who else could it be? I was interrupted in my reflections by clapping. The lights were turned down, and my handsome friend, bowing to the audience, adjusted the mechanical music-stool.

After a moment's ecstatic pause, he lifted his hands above his head and struck a triumphant chord. Could it be? Was it true? Did I recognize the stage thunder, the northern lights, the Neapolitan ice, the banal romance of the 'favorite composer'?

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My heart sank, and as a pained smile flickered across the features of the dexterous performer I knew I was in for an afternoon of Liszt.

I slipped away as early as I could and remembered my many unanswered letters and the wedding presents that for weeks I had put off choosing.

My secretary having taken a day off, I found a pile of letters on my table and consoled myself by reflecting that there is a certain pleasure in putting one's duties behind one. I had no sooner begun than the telephone started. I am accustomed to being rung up in the middle of the night and asked if I will write on Mary Pickford's underwear, Brilliant Chang, banged hair, Byron, or birth-control, but this was the afternoon, and I resented it; so, after denouncing my servants for not switching me off, I returned to my correspondence and fell asleep.

When I was in Downing Street I never allowed my secretary to show me anonymous letters, but since leaving it I have occasionally looked at them. I will quote the last that I have received: —

DEAR MASCULINE MARGOT, —

There are a number of us who will attend the Pageant if you will wear a mask, for with that face of yours as Queen Elizabeth the whole thing must prove a horrible fiasco. Run after Royalty if you will, but oh! why don't you wear pants?

Yours sorrifully,

A REAL WOMAN

P.S. — I prefer not to append my signature, tho' I sincerely dislike anonymous letters.

She need not have revealed her sex. During the heroic campaign for that sacred cause I received thousands of threatening letters from earnest suffragettes which permanently enlightened me as to the difference between real women and real men. Even the lady Members of Parliament have not removed this distinction, and speaking for myself — I have seldom met a gentleman among my own sex.

I should like to have concluded on a note of hope, but will content myself by recording an historical event.

I was battling, bumping, and bruising my way last week through the streets of that thoughtful centre, the city of Oxford, when a fellow pusher, pointing to the posters, exclaimed: —

'Look! Why, the bells should be rung!!'

'Rung or tolled?' I asked as I read, printed in huge letters: —

THE BIGGEST SUCCESS SINCE VERSAILLES

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NORDIC OR NOT?[1]

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I

Behold, my child, the Nordic man,
And be as like him as you can:
His legs are long, his mind is slow,
His hair is lank and made of tow.

II

And here we have the Alpine race:
Oh! what a broad and brutal face!
His skin is of a dirty yellow.
He is a most unpleasant fellow.

III

The most degraded of them all
Mediterranean we call.
His hair is crisp, and even curls,
And he is saucy with the girls.

THIS translation is my own. I offer it with diffidence, for I recognize that it does not reproduce the deep organ-tones of the original. But it gives the substance of that fine poem, and it is only with the substance — I mean that description of the Race which it conveys — that I have here to deal.

I heard so much about the Nordic Man in these last few months that I was moved to collect recently a great mass of information upon him and to coördinate it. Upon the Alpine Man and the Mediterranean Man I am not so erudite; nor is it indeed to any great purpose that I should be — for they are clearly inferior. But the Nordic Man is worth anybody's trouble; and here is what I have found out about him.

He is the Conqueror and the Adventurer. He is the Lawgiver and the essentially Moral Man. He arranges the world as it should be arranged. He does everything for his own good and for the good of others. He is a Natural Leader. Even those who hate him fear him; all respect him. The Alpine Man sits sullenly at his feet awaiting his orders; the Mediterranean Man flies in terror from his face.

But it is not enough to learn these general characters in the Nordic Man, pleasing though they are. No sound biologist could be content until he knew something intimate of his origin and habits — where he might be found, what he does, and how to tell him at sight.

This, then, is what I have found about the Nordic Man. I have space only for the most salient points, but I hope to complete the picture in detail when I shall have leisure to write my book on the species. It will be fully illustrated, and will have a very complete index.

The Nordic Man is born either in the West End of London or in a pleasant country-house, standing in its own parklike grounds. That is the general rule. He is, however, sometimes born in a parsonage, and rather more frequently in a deanery or a bishop's palace, or a canon's house in a close. Some of this type have been born in North Oxford; but none, that I can discover, in the provincial manufacturing-towns, and certainly none east of Charing Cross or south of the river.

The Nordic Man has a nurse to look after him while he is a baby, and she has another domestic at her service. He has a night and a day nursery, and he is full of amusing little tricks which

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *January* 17

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endear him to his parents as he grows through babyhood to childhood.

Toward the age of ten or eleven the Nordic Man goes to a preparatory school, the headmaster of which is greatly trusted by the Nordic Man's parents, especially by the Nordic Man's mother. He early learns to Play the Game, and is also grounded in the elements of Good Form, possibly the classics, and even, exceptionally, some modern tongue. He plays football and cricket; usually, but not always, he is taught to swim.

Thence the Nordic Man proceeds to what is called a Public School, where he stays till he is about eighteen. He then goes to either Oxford or Cambridge, or into the Army. He does not stay long in the Army; while from the University he proceeds either to a profession — such as the Bar, or writing advertisements — or to residence upon his estate. This last he can do only if his father dies early.

The Nordic Man lives in comfort and even luxury through manhood; he shoots, he hunts, he visits the South of France, he plays bridge. He hates the use of scent; he changes into a special kind of clothes every day for dinner. He is extremely particular about shaving, and he wears his hair cut short and even bald. The Nordic Man does not bother much about Religion, so when he approaches death he has to distract himself with some hobby, often that of his health. He dies of all sorts of things, but more and more of the cancer. After his death, his sons, nephews, or cousins take up the rôle of the Nordic Man and perpetuate the long and happy chain.

Such is the life-story of the Nordic Man. I have given it only in its broadest lines, and have left out a great many subsections; but what I have said will be sufficient to indicate places in which he is to be surprised and the kind of things which you will there find him doing. As for his character, which lies at the root of all this great performance, that is less easily described, for one might as well attempt to describe a color or a smell; but I can give some indications of it.

The Nordic Man dislikes all cruelty to animals, and is himself kind to them in the following scale: first the dog, then the horse, then the cat, then birds, and so on till you get to insects, after which he stops caring. Microbes, oddly enough, he detests. He will treat them in the most callous manner.

In the matter of wine the Nordic Man is divided; you cannot predicate of him that he will drink it, or that if he drinks it he knows what it is. But in the matter of whiskey you may safely say that it is his stand-by, save for a certain subsection of him who dare not touch it. These stand apart and are savage to their fellows.

The Nordic Man is very reserved, save in the matter of speech-making. He hates to betray an emotion, but he hates still more the complete concealment of it. He has therefore established a number of conventions whereby it may be known when he is angry, pleased, or what not; but he has no convention for fear, for he is never afraid. This reminds me that the Nordic Man despises conflict with lethal weapons unless it be against the enemies of his country, but he delights in watching, and will sometimes himself practise, conflict conducted with stuffed gloves. As for fighting with his feet, he would not dream of it; nor does he ever bite.

The Nordic Man is generous, and treats all men as his equals, especially those whom he feels to be somewhat inferior in rank and wealth. This is a very beautiful trait in the Nordic Man, and causes him to believe that he is everywhere beloved. On the other hand, the Nordic Man prefers to live

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with those richer than himself. The Nordic Man detests all ostentation in dress, and detests even more the wearing of cheap clothes. He loves it to be known that his clothes were costly. No Nordic Man wears a made-up tie.

The Nordic Man boasts that he is not addicted to the Arts, and here he is quite right; but he is an excellent collector of work done by the inferior Mediterranean race, and is justly proud of the rare successes of his own people in this field. In the same way the Nordic Man will tell you with emphasis that he cannot write. Herein he tells the truth. Yet, oddly enough, he is convinced that no one has ever been able to write except Nordic Men; and this article of faith he applies particularly to True Poetry, which, he conceives, can only be inspired in his own tongue.

The Nordic Man does everything better than anybody else does it, and himself proclaims this truth unceasingly; but where he particularly shines is in the administration of justice. For he will condemn a man to imprisonment or death with greater rapidity than will the member of any other race. In giving judgment he is, unlike the rest of the human species, unmoved by any bias of class or blood, let alone of personal interest. On this account his services as a magistrate are sought far and wide throughout the world, and his life is never in danger save from disappointed suitors or those who have some imaginary grievance against him.

The Nordic Man is a great traveler. He climbs mountains; he faces with indifference tropical heat and arctic cold. He is a very fine fellow.

I must conclude by telling you all that I am not obtaining these details from any personal observations, as the part of the country in which I live has very few Nordic Men, and most of them are away during the greater part of the year staying either in the houses of other Nordic Men or in the resorts of pleasure upon the Continent. But I have had the whole thing described to me most carefully by a friend of mine who was for a long time himself a Nordic Man, until he had the misfortune to invest in British Dyes, and he guarantees me the accuracy of his description.

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OUR IGNORANCE OF RACE[1]

BY A LEADING BRITISH AUTHORITY

HERE is, for instance, the telescope which Galileo invented, and with which he saw the mountains of the moon, the spots upon the sun, and four of the satellites of Jupiter — an instrument of modest dimensions and momentous history. A few days ago I saw also his birthplace in Pisa, without the memorial marble attributed to it by the guidebooks; and the lamp in the Cathedral which he watched, timing it by his pulse, and thus discovering the principle of the equal times of the vibrations of any pendulum. Torricelli's glass tubes, to be seen here, have also made scientific history; and so have the early dissections of the Italian anatomists. To speak of art would be outside my province, though there is science no less than art in the dome of Brunelleschi, and in Giotto's towers as well, and Leonardo da Vinci was as great a man of science as an artist. Through past weeks I have been overwhelmed, not for the first time by any means, with a sense of the stupendous greatness of these Italians, and if one recalls the Roman Forum it is necessary to admit that the ancient Romans were Italians also, like Dante and Michelangelo and Galileo, and Signor Marconi.

In New York State I have also visited another city called Rome, which is inhabited mostly by Italians. But this race is not particularly welcome in the United States nowadays. Its members make roads, 'shine' one's boots in the streets, or sell fruit or run ice-cream parlors. If a young Galileo were born in Pisa now and wished to avail himself of the opportunities for research afforded by the Yerkes or the Mount Wilson telescopes, he would find it almost impossible to enter the country — which, by the way, was discovered by Italian sailors; and if he did manage to include himself in the very small quota permitted by the present Immigration Law, he would find himself called, by the dominant race in North America, a Dago, meaning an inferior creature, possibly useful for making roads or polishing American shoes — or telescopic lenses.

The descendants — if they are the descendants, as to which we must inquire — of the great races of antiquity and the Renaissance, men with names and faces which recall ancient Greece and Rome and the birth of the modern world in Italy and Spain, will learn in America, and also in certain quarters in England, that the one really great race of mankind is notably dissimilar to any of theirs. This great race is tall and large and blond. Its name is Nordic. The Mediterranean sea, to say nothing of Galilee, and the men bred on those shores, are nought, we are told, compared with the dominant, preappointed masters of the earth, whom Nietzsche described as 'great blond beasts,' and to whom the allusion is evident when we are told that, requiring some great deed to be done, 'God sends one of his Englishmen.'

But nothing moves in the modern world, said a great student in the nineteenth century, that is not Greek in

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *January* 24

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origin, and if we modify the statement so as to include the Semitic origin of our religion, and the Italian rebirth of science and art, we must admit that without these beginners and begetters we should be nowhere and nothing. There would be no Metropolitan Museum or Woolworth Building in New York, nor any New York at all; nor even any old York. The historical facts are beyond question. We owe to these peoples all that we have and are; yet to-day their present representatives are practically excluded from the most powerful, wealthy, and progressive country in the world on the implicit ground, whatever may be outwardly asserted, that they are inferior and undesirable recruits to the ranks of American citizenship.

What is the truth? Are the Americans, who name themselves after Amerigo Vespucci, right in their view of present people who bear such names as his? Statistical observations, based upon the approved methods of estimating intelligence, are now before us, according to which the child of Southern Italian stock, as seen in the schools of the United States, is approximately in the same intellectual class as the Negro. Is that true? And if modern Italians are an inferior people, what are the causes of so great a decadence from antiquity and the Renaissance? And if the hope of mankind is the Nordic race, what is the evidence as to the past achievements of that race, upon which our hopes for the future must be based?

I write this article not to attempt to answer these questions, — that is a task undertaken only by impudent ignorance, — but rather to try to state them fairly, and to indicate the nature of some of the answers which have been suggested. In the first place, let us confess the pitifully inchoate condition of that proper study of mankind which we call anthropology. How can this science be other than in embryo? It is obviously the highest and most complex department of biology, which is itself little more than just begun. Despite Lamarck and Darwin, and their forerunners and successors, we are only at the beginning of the comprehension of the laws of heredity and variation and adaptation — even if we confine our study to, for instance, such relatively simple creatures as bacteria. And if we knew thoroughly the physical facts, in respect of bacilli or amœbæ, we should yet be some way from understanding the extent and manner of the influence of the psychological factors peculiar to man, who can learn and create as other creatures cannot. Yet, despite our abysmal ignorance of the factors which determine the physical and psychical characteristics of our species, there are always an abundance of quacks to lay down the law, and a superabundance of fools and knaves to believe them. *Ad hoc* anthropology is the order of the day — well discussed by M. Jean Finot in his volume on *Race Prejudice*. It is to be found in popular articles and in the learned contributions to the International Eugenics Congress held in New York in 1921. Serious people talk of race in our modern world as if any such thing as a pure race were really to be found, and as if they could define what they mean by a pure race at all. While genuine students, like Sir Arthur Kester, begin slowly to guess how the influence of diet and light, for instance, upon the ductless glands and their balance may determine such anthropological criteria as the length of the limbs and the shape of the head and jaws, the quacks continue to assert anything they please, as if we were still in the age of Gobineau. There may be a thousand natural reasons why we dislike this or that type of human being — the commonest being that he works

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while we sleep. Some 'scientific theory' must accordingly be invented, and is not long lacking; but that which attributed all the virtues to a so-called race whose most nearly pure representatives are about the dullest, least creative and interesting folk on earth, and whose record is merely nugatory, is becoming a menace to mankind.

As regards the so-called Mediterranean race, which, with a religion of Oriental origin, has made the modern world, let me attempt the modest but useful task of indicating some of the theories which are credited. My present concern being especially the Italian, let me first briefly mention the Greek and Spanish. The Greeks, according to some, were destroyed by the introduction of malaria; and if the modern Greek is looked down upon in the United States — as when the visitor is advised to patronize a 'white' lunch counter rather than one run by Greeks — the reply to the natural allusion to Pericles and Socrates may be that, as shown by anthropological measurements, the modern Greek does not belong to the ancient race at all, for that has vanished. We are also told that, in racial composition, the Ancient Greeks were practically identical with the present population of England — the so-called Anglo-Saxons. It seems quite the most wildly incredible nonsense one ever heard — but the anthropologists ought to know. That the present Spaniard belongs to the same race as his great ancestors is not questioned, but here some invoke, for what surely must be called decadence, the action of reversed selection, as argued by my master, Francis Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius* (1869) — religious celibacy and the Inquisition being the guilty agents.

But as regards the Italians. Before we submit theories of their decadence, are we sure of the fact we seek to explain? The American evidence about Southern Italians may be valid, but I suspect all these statistics when it is notorious that political interests are involved. If failure to reproduce be called a sign of decadence, as perhaps in the case of the French, certainly the Italians of to-day exhibit no such sign, for they multiply at a great rate. Here it would not be proper to do more than note that, according to some, the dominant form of Christianity in Southern Europe blights the people and arrests progress, quite apart from any biological factors; but that is an instance of the appalling complexity of this whole problem of human decadence. We cannot confidently call contemporary Italians degenerate because they do not regularly produce Galileos and Michelangelos. We ourselves have had only one Shakespeare. More and more, in considering this problem, I am constrained to admit that we biological writers have too often failed to recognize the importance of the nonbiological factors of what we call decadence. A new industry is invented in a young city, or the course of a river is altered, and the famous old city loses its wealth or its port and thereafter its history becomes mean; but this is not to say that the people are biologically degraded. I have not the faintest idea whether or not the Florentines of to-day are biologically inferior to those of the early Renaissance and the *Cinquecento*, and my belief is that all the world is as completely ignorant on this subject as I am.

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FROM THE SAHARA TO THE SEA. III[1]

BY HENRI DE KERILLIS

FROM the time we left Kandi to the end of our journey we seldom passed a village, no matter how small, where we did not find school children awaiting our arrival, in charge of the good Fathers of the Lyon African Missions. Both Catholic and Protestant missionaries — the former in particular — are very numerous in Dahomey. But except in the seaports, where European influence is dominant, Christianity makes extremely slow progress. Fetishism puts up an obstinate resistance. It long since passed beyond the stage of barbarous idolatry, such as the forest tribes practise, and has become an animist religion with relatively elaborated doctrines. It maintains itself by the magic, trickery, and cruelty of its priests, and keeps its adepts in an atmosphere of terror — terror of their environment, terror of the supernatural and unexpected, terror of obscure divinities who constantly communicate with mankind through the fetishes.

This terrorist cult gives fetishism a tremendous hold upon the natives. We must not forget that even among our own people, separated from the blacks by millenniums of evolution, gross superstitions still survive. Other formidable obstacles in the path of the missionaries are Christianity's lofty symbolism, its abstractness, and its opposition to existing social customs — to established tribal law, to ingrained habits, to *mores* that are the spontaneous product of native life in the tropics, such as, for example, polygamy. Many of the highest commands of Christianity, such as those of charity and mercy, find no echo in the bosom of the blacks, except along the narrow line of contact where European and native cultures come into conflict and produce an uprooted and disinherited class.

Nothing discourages these missionaries, not even that most distressing of all their problems, that of premature conversion — the danger of destroying deep-seated beliefs without an assurance of substituting others for them, the necessity of holding back in a sense from their most distinctively religious labor. The term of service of these devoted men is not limited to two years, as it is for army officers and officials. They come for life — a life usually shortened by the climate. Complete masters of the language, the customs, the tribal peculiarities of the people amid whom they dwell, and incomparable observers of their ways, they almost invariably possess the confidence and the respect of the natives.

From missionary schools, both Catholic and Protestant, come the *akoues*, or educated clerks, interpreters, railway employees, and minor officials who perform so many of the humble but indispensable administrative duties in the colony.

We reached Parakou late in the afternoon of December the second. Leaving early the next morning, after a pleasant evening with the Administrator, who gave us considerable data concerning the cultivation of tobacco and experiments with cotton and coffee in this district, we resumed our journey

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *February* 17, 20, 23, 26, *March*, 2, 5

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to Savé. We were now following a comparatively civilized, shaded highway through the jungle. As the humidity increased, the vegetation grew more luxuriant. We began to see great lianas falling in cascades of verdure from the trees — first messengers of the great forest-belt that we were about to enter. After crossing its frontiers we should see no more birds, no more animals, and hear no sound of life except from the tree-summits two hundred or three hundred feet above us. Close to the ground nothing would be visible except massive serried trunks rising like the columns of a vast temple to an impenetrable vault of interlaced branches high above. Life in this region concentrates in the clearings, where in sun-flooded savannas — those oases of the forest — the wild elephant, the antelope, the leopard, and the savage dwell.

But the country close to our route was densely populated. We passed porters all along the way — huge blacks, their faces deeply scarred with the identification marks that Africans from time immemorial have branded on the faces of their children in order that they might recognize them again if separated by slavery or war. These carriers were naked except for a narrow waistcloth, and all of them, whether men or women, carried a pipe in their mouths and a pack upon their heads.

These Dahomans are not invariably cannibals in the strict sense of the word — that is, they do not hunt men for meat upon which to live, the way certain tribes of Gabon still do, or in order to vary their diet. But they continue to practise ritual cannibalism. They sacrifice a captive to the spirits of their ancestors; they drink the blood of an enemy in order to acquire his warlike valor; they often eat their aged parents out of filial piety. These human sacrifices are made with great secrecy and in remote places, at stated times during traditional festivals or at the special order of the fetish-priests. No white person is ever eaten, and the victims vanish without the fact coming to the knowledge of the authorities.

Our automobiles made their last halt before reaching Savé at a little cluster of huts in the deep shadow of a gigantic ceiba-tree. The occupants gathered in a compact group and regarded us with a mournful, frightened expression. Having a few moments at my disposal, I entered the village proper, followed by a pack of pot-bellied youngsters. Within the palisade I discovered a few withered old women, who had not come out at the sound of our motors but had remained behind, crouched over their calabashes. Two men were eating like big monkeys, throwing into their open mouths greasy pieces of food which they fished out of a stewing mess with their hands.

I had time barely for a glance before, at the cry 'All aboard,' I scampered back to our car. We resumed our journey, and precisely at noon reached Savé.

So here we were again at a railhead. The great journey was finished, for from now on we should travel by rail like ordinary tourists. Through the forest-belt ahead there were no highways that would admit the passage of our cars. For the first time in history a connection had been made between the railways of Algiers and the railways of Dahomey — eighteen days by automobile, 3600 kilometres across the great Sahara, with its rocks, its sands, its Tanezruft, then through the Sudan bush, then along the banks of the Niger, and finally into the heart of Dahomey. Not a breakdown, not an accident. *Tout a marché gaiement, à la française.*

When we arose next morning we bade adieu to the soldiers and chauffeurs who had been our loyal assistants

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and companions on our journey. We warmly shook each other's hands with a touch of that sadness one always feels in bidding farewell to those with whom one has shared perils and privations. I cast a last look on our three automobiles. They stood in a line, travel-worn, and, I must confess, looking a bit cocky with their hoods jauntily thrown back for the inspection of their motors.

Our special train consisted of a first-class car and the company's *wagon de luxe*. 'Wagon de luxe' sounds well, but I hope I may say without offense that 'bird-cage,' or 'hencoop' would have been more accurately descriptive. But we appreciated the change, nevertheless — especially the electric fans that slightly freshened the air.

The manager of the line had concentrated the preparations for our reception at a single point in our itinerary, Dassa-Zoume. Here all the fetish-men and fetish-women of the principal neighboring tribes were assembled to do honor to the Marshal. We had scarcely reached the station when we found ourselves surrounded by three hundred fetish-women performing their ritual dances in the midst of a riotous din of shouts, chants, cheers, and beating tom-toms.

Forming a procession, we first paid our respects to the assembled chiefs. One of them, Zoumalon, King of the Dassas, was an old, blind octogenarian who enjoyed great authority among his people, and has always been a loyal friend of France. He was reclining on a mat surrounded by his ministers, his favorite wives, his slaves, and his big wooden horse mounted on wheels. The history of this horse is rather funny. Zoumalon was jealous of the cavalry of the neighboring chiefs, and vainly tried to introduce horses at Dassa. But all the conjurations and the remedies of his fetish-men were powerless against the tsetse fly. So the French authorities sent him a fine hobbyhorse from Paris, which when he was younger he always mounted on state occasions. Now in his old age he merely has it by his side.

After this little formality of courtesy, we proceeded to the point where the fetish-women were gathered in great circles. The first of these was formed by the *Niesson* — what we might call with some flattery the priestesses of Aphrodite. As soon as we drew near they commenced an extraordinary dance indescribable here. The next group consisted of the priestesses of the lion. As we approached them they threw themselves simultaneously on the ground, mimicking in rhythmic, grotesque postures the slinking of the king of beasts through the jungle. Their tom-toms were beaten with a deep roaring sound, while they emitted hoarse growls, meantime supporting themselves on their knees and springing to the right and left with their arms held stiffly before them like the forelegs of a charging lion.

A smaller group, not more than thirty, consisted of the fetish-women of smallpox — *Sakpata*. Several had their faces masked to represent the faces of smallpox victims, and they were not accompanied by tom-toms. The priestesses and high priests of Sakpata form a redoubtable caste which the native chiefs have sought without success to suppress. They have handed down for generations a terrible secret. As soon as they recognize a case of smallpox, they rub the eruption with a special rod provided with rugosities, in accordance with a certain ritual. The effect is to transfer the contagion to the rod. Then, whenever they wish to work vengeance or to prove their power, they select a victim whom under some pretext they touch with the rod and infect with the disease. Several Dahomey kings have forbidden the public practice of the cult and have tried to

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suppress its priestesses. The French authorities have vainly endeavored to do the same. But the fact that vaccine, when brought to this country, soon loses its efficacy has so far prevented the complete abolition of the order.

The largest circle of dancers consisted of the fetish-women of the lightning — *Hebyoso*. These women take possession of the corpses of people killed by lightning and make their bones into charms that are supposed to protect the wearer against this dreaded form of death. Their cult is one of the most widely spread and elaborate in Dahomey. Hebyoso is a fetish that manifests itself in several personalities: *Gbade-So*, the Father who kills men; *Sogbo*, the Mother who scolds in Heaven; her Son who rends trees; *Djakata-So*, the god who burns houses; and various others, each corresponding to one of the effects of lightning, and each having his particular rites. These priestesses received us with shouts and movements of their arms, mimicking the sound of thunder and the zigzag of a lightning flash.

A large group of young people of both sexes stood on one side watching the spectacle with a calm and a silence in striking contrast with the noise and excitement of the other natives present. An interpreter explained to me that they were the *Voodoonon*, or College of Voodoo Priestesses accompanied and guarded by fetish-officials. I learned with much interest the formalities of initiation into these different cults. Young boys and girls selected by the high fetish-priests for the priesthood are taken from their families at a very early age and interned in a sort of monastic establishment near some temple, where they remain at least three or four moons. Those who are selected for highest rank spend several years in these institutions. The neophyte completely forgets his mother tongue, which he is not permitted again to speak. He learns the tongue of the priests, which they alone know. He goes through a long process of progressive tattooing and is trained in the rites and mysteries of the cult. Later he is returned to his family and becomes a full-fledged practitioner.

The swing, the cadence, and the measure of these dances are difficult to describe. The fetish-priestesses marched one behind the other in a circle around the fetish-priests and musicians. All were clad in their best. Most of them had circlets of bangles and multicolored beads around their heads, metal bands and necklaces around their necks, and bracelets upon their arms and ankles. Their busts were bare; they wore waistcloths or short skirts from which hung festoons of bright-colored ribbons. At every movement their ornaments tinkled and jangled in time with the tambourines, the bells, the serpent-skin guitars, and the gourd rattles that they carried in their hands. Their movements were extremely rapid. Each dancer advanced with long elastic steps, lifting her knees as high as she could, stretching her forearms and fingers now in front now behind with an undulating movement until her long thin arms were extended at length. Simultaneously the elbows were swung in and out as if the dancer were trying to mimic the beating wings of a bat. The perspiring faces of the participants remained serious, sometimes with an exalted expression bordering upon ecstasy. Little by little a sort of rhapsody, frenzy, seized everyone, and priests and dancers quickened their rhythm until it reached a mad climax.

Was it a spectacle to laugh at? Not at all. Eventually the savage fascination of this exuberant motion grips the spectator. He becomes aware of a subtle meaning, of a naïve art and inven-

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tion, in these Negro dances — so intimately associated with every act and experience of primitive life, with joy, sorrow, prayer, vengeance, exhilaration, hallucination.

When the train whistled for our departure I took one last look at the throng of excited natives. Everything danced before my eyes — the black people, the trees, all that was in sight. The Marshal, Gaston Gradis, and several others of our party were humming Negro melodies, and I felt a strange contagious impulse to dance myself.

At Bohicon station we left the train for a side trip by motor-car to Abomey, a former Negro capital and present district headquarters. Our route followed for several miles a broad, beautiful avenue bordered by palm trees. The population is very dense. We passed an almost continuous file of porters carrying baskets and bundles on their heads, either going to or coming from the station. Such a crowded highway had attracted traders. I saw with surprise women seated by the border of the road far from any evidence of human habitation, in front of small stocks of oil, flour, grain, mangoes, and tobacco, exposed for sale to travelers.

A grand reception had been prepared for us at Abomey. Immediately upon our arrival we were conducted to a stage erected in the grounds of the Government House under two magnificent cotton trees, which I should say are the finest specimens in Dahomey. A great crowd trooped in behind us, forming a long procession behind the princes, the chiefs, the head fetish-priests, and the fetish-priestesses, all of whom were in full regalia for the occasion.

Close to the platform were a merry group of young girls. They were princesses of royal blood, recognizable by their hair, which had been allowed to grow a few centimetres long and was trimmed in tufts and bunches. In Dahomey the common people, both male and female, shave their heads. Thereupon we were treated to an extremely rare spectacle — the Dance of the Incarnated Kings. This ceremony is a survival from the bloody fêtes, accompanied by human sacrifices, formerly held in honor of deceased rulers. On the evening before our arrival the fetish-priests and the oldest of the fetish-priestesses had shut themselves up in the royal tombs of the ancient palace, where they had spent the night in prayer. Now they came forth, each priest supposed to incarnate a former king and each priestess the mother of one of these kings. Thus there appeared before us Dako, born in 1625. On his umbrella were painted his ancient emblems, including the jar of indigo near which he surprised and in which he smothered his enemy, Aizenou; Wegbadja, the second king, whose totem or emblem was a fish; Akava, the third king, emblem a pig; Agadja, the conqueror of Savi, whose emblem was a canoe and paddle; Tagebsou, who introduced the blunderbuss; Kepengla, who captured the first cannon and whose emblem was a green woodpecker; Aganglo, who chose the 'widow bird,' which has the longest tail of any bird in Dahomey, as his emblem; Ghezo, who ravaged the Mahi country with his warriors and was represented by a charging buffalo; Gle-Gle, whose emblem was a lion cub; and Behanzin, whose emblem was a shark. Each of these 'kings' brandished a sword and a staff. They danced, one after another, in chronological order, their favorite dances of ancient times, to the accompaniment of the shrill cries and chanting of the princesses and the beating of tom-toms. All were clad in their most gorgeous costumes and richest ornaments, with their forearms completely covered by long silver cuffs.

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The women wore the waistcloths of ladies of the court. Servants accompanied them, half bent over, each one carrying the fly-swatter, the umbrella, and the cuspidor of the incarnated king to whom he was attached.

This ceremony ended in a general dance, during which the enthusiasm of the spectators reached a climax. Then the procession was re-formed, and the incarnations of deceased royalty were borne off slowly in their palanquins, while many of the crowd knelt on their knees, rubbed their foreheads in the dust, and kissed the ground before them.

Somewhat overwhelmed by such a flood of new and bizarre impressions from an unfamiliar world, and anxious to escape the drinking that characterizes colonial hospitality, I slipped away for a solitary walk. Mingling with the groups of dispersing spectators, I soon found myself outside the town, upon a jungle footpath. When the barefooted black men travel in their own country they move as silently as spectres. If they are not talking, or singing, or shrilly calling to each other, one does not hear them approach unless it be by the low rustle of their bodies against the leaves. On such occasions, a file of them winding through the bushes suggests a party of shades bound on some Stygian expedition.

O-Kou! O-Kou! O-Kou!

That is the jungle-greeting of the Dahomey black man. As soon as two travelers catch sight of each other in the distance they begin to shout this call. As they approach, they lower their voices until the 'O-Kou!' sinks to a mere murmur as they pass; then it rises again louder and louder as they separate until lost in the distance.

'O-Kou! O-Kou! O-Kou!'

A greeting filled with fear. Doubtless it means something like this: 'I know where you are! I know where you are!'

Night overtook me. I first remarked a terrifying aspect of the sky, which was suddenly obliterated by mountainous black clouds of fantastic and immobile aspect. A steamlike vapor filled the atmosphere. Immediately a blinding lightning-flash cleft the obscurity like a livid, incandescent sword. It was like a battle-signal. The rolling of thunder that followed resembled the roar of heavy artillery. I hastened my steps to escape a deluge that seemed about to descend upon my head. Just then a drop of warm water — a great, an enormous drop — struck my extended hand. It was the first water from an African sky since I had set foot upon the continent. It seemed to me divine, that drop of water. And at the same moment a wonderful fragrance of unknown odors, the perfumes of the jungle, surrounded me, exhaled by the happy thirsting earth.

On the morning of December 15 we were mobilized to visit the ancient royal palace of the old Negro kingdom of Abomey. The grounds have an area of nearly fifty acres, and are surrounded by massive walls more than twenty feet high. Inside stand large thatched adobe houses, the walls of which are ornamented by primitive bas-reliefs representing fetishes, royal coats of arms, and scenes commemorating wars and native customs. Many of these ancient structures are now in ruins, for it would require large sums and an enormous labor-force to keep so extensive a group of mud-wall buildings in good condition in this country of tropical tempests and tornadoes.

In the old days the population of the palace was very large — between six and ten thousand people. The royal wives alone numbered nearly a thousand. They were divided into two classes — the *Kposi*, or 'leopard wives,' and the *Ahosi*, or ordinary wives. Then there were numerous slaves, Amazons,

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and medicine-women. Last of all, the palace sheltered the mothers of the deceased kings — and the *Na-e*, or incarnations of the mothers of deceased kings, who were veritable divinities provided with large personal retinues. Even to-day a few Na-e still inhabit the ruins, where they receive the homage and the gratuities of the faithful.

We entered by the south gate and found ourselves at once in a great court of honor. The royal thrones had been set out in ceremonial order for our inspection. Each was cut out of a tree trunk and elaborately carved — one for every king of the old Dahomey dynasty, with the exception of Behanzin, who disgraced himself by letting his country be defeated. The oldest of these thrones dates back to 1625. That of King Ghezo was higher than the others, and mounted on the four skulls of the Mahi kings whom he killed in battle. Naturally all the thrones are fetish, because they were once royal property. During our presence princesses of the descent held over them umbrellas bearing the emblems of their respective owners. The chief of the princes, Ahovo, a son of Gle-gle, the predecessor of Behanzin, personally escorted us.

We next passed through a series of courtyards surrounded by fetish-halls, the former palace of the Migan, who united in his person the functions of Prime Minister and head executioner, the palace of the Mehou, or chief princes, storehouses, altars, and platforms for sacrifices, and at last reached the mausoleum of Gle-gle himself. It is a large round building with a thatched roof descending so close to the ground that a person must enter on his hands and knees. In fact, the moment we arrived in front of it the princes and servants escorting us prostrated themselves and kissed the earth. Except the Marshal, who would not compromise his dignity by crawling through on his hands and knees, the rest of us entered. We found the interior almost filled by an immense rectangular bamboo bed covered with mats and cushions. Around it were placed various articles that had belonged to the deceased sovereign — fetishes, a water jar, and various offerings. Three old women squatted near the bed. I was told that two of them were former Amazons, members of that terrible body of fierce warrioresses who went into battle chanting the refrain: 'Let men stay at home and hoe the corn and palms. We hoe the vitals of our enemies!' I noticed, however, that these poor old hags had a timid and shrinking look.

From the palace we went to the market, which like all Negro markets well repays a visit at any time, and above all during a festal period like the present. An ancient custom handed down from the first kings requires the public crier to proclaim in the market place all coming fêtes and ceremonies, and the great fetishers to march there in procession before each official function. Thus was announced, for example, the coming sacrifice to the spirits of the ancient kings and the guardian spirits of the country — horrible carnivals of blood at which an early representative of our Government once saw three hundred human heads fall upon the altar of the king during a single day.

We arrived just as the fetishers in palanquins and under umbrellas were holding such a procession. The cortège proceeded at a very slow pace, so that the priests, accompanied by their drummers, could dance as they advanced. One of them shouted at intervals the traditional invitation to a fête: 'Let us amuse ourselves! Let us amuse ourselves! Let us eat life! Let us eat life!'

Finally we were free to inspect the market proper. I should have liked to

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buy a few curios, but these Negro fairs sell nothing that a European cares to purchase. In order to procure native wood-carvings, masks, leopard and monkey skins, copper ornaments, — many of which are extremely odd, — waistcloths, and other articles of that character, it is necessary to summon the chiefs of a district or a village and to give an imperative order, and then to wait patiently until it is obeyed.

The blacks either refuse paper money outright, or insist upon double prices in that currency. All natives detest paper money, which wears out, is easily torn, burns up, and, above all, cannot be buried in the ground or under the house. They accept readily copper coins, which keep well, are easily counted, and shine like gold. Any effort to bring pressure upon them to induce them to accept paper is futile, for the effect is simply to keep merchandise out of the market. As a consequence, the Government of necessity pays its officials and soldiers partly in coin and partly in bills.

In the afternoon there were further ceremonies, including a procession of 'kings' in front of the residence of the Administrator. All were sons of Behanzin; but not all of the thousand or more children of Behanzin are kings by title. Some are mere street-sweepers. In fact, the law of descent in Dahomey was peculiar. The principal medicine-man of the Palace, inspired by the voice of *Fa*, or Fate, designated the heir apparent, first eliminating children born of wives of royal blood, whose fidelity to the king was most disputable, those born before the king had been designated heir apparent, and those born under unlucky signs.

Several of these 'kings' are now district chiefs. They came with extraordinary retinues. One of them was preceded by four fetishers of the leopard, each of whom constantly whirled a leopard's tail in the air. Then followed a unique ceremony in honor of the Marshal, who was the most distinguished white official who had ever visited Dahomey. Each king advanced in person and danced in front of the platform. Every dance was accompanied by roars of admiration from the closely packed mass of spectators, as well as by a din of tom-toms and other native instruments. But before it commenced, the King, accompanied by a medicine-man, his ministers, and other attendants, presented himself in front of the Marshal and chanted a sort of improvised pæan composed for the occasion. It ran about this fashion: —

'You are King of the Whites. You are next to Mahou in greatness. You are powerful. You are fetish. You are brave. You have eaten your enemies. You would have eaten the sun if it were necessary. You are bolder and stronger than the lion, quicker than the leopard. You have led your warriors through the jungle to conquests — to conquests so great that Dahomey is only a village compared with your kingdom. You have conquered the Kaiser, your enemy. You have given him the poison that kills. The sacred serpents were with you, and you have crushed your proud enemy in your coils. Be happy now! Rejoice! The hour has come to laugh after blood has flown in rivers.'

Each chanted his eulogy in a fierce, hoarse voice, accompanied by the most intimidating gestures — with clenched fists and scowling countenance the roaring king lurched this way and that, like a dancing bear. The crowd, raised to a high pitch of excitement, took up the refrain of the more striking words.

Night came suddenly, as it does in this land of fire. The priests filed off in a long procession, lighted by brands and torches. We left the platform and escorted our 'King of the Whites,' our 'Fetish Marshal,' to the silent residence

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of the Administrator, wrapped in the deep shadow of the great cotton trees.

We traveled from Allada to Wida on the Bight of Benin by light Government automobiles. Our luggage, which had been increased at Savé, where we reached the railway, by several additional packages shipped directly from France, had preceded us and had already been put in our lodgings by the town prisoners.

We had considerable contact, first and last, with these important personages while in Africa. I use the word 'important' advisedly. Prisons are, next to the schools and the barracks, the principal educational institutions. Upon leaving them the natives are qualified for a higher class of occupations than before. They have learned French, they have become accustomed to white men, they have familiarized themselves more or less with the manners, habits, and tastes of their rulers. During their forced labor they have seen the operation of different Government institutions; they have been perforce treated by a regular physician in cases of illness; and above all, they have acquired the rapider rhythm of civilized life. Furthermore, the jails are welfare institutions, where the natives have plenty to eat, are protected from the impositions of their chiefs, and even get gratuitous tobacco. It is not strange, therefore, that after their terms are over most ex-prisoners become very useful citizens. The departmental chiefs, or black kings, employ them by preference as confidential assistants, interpreters, and even tax-collectors. Cases are related where former prisoners have become Cabinet Ministers — as they sometimes do in France.

At Wida we finally reached the sea. This is where the French first landed in Dahomey. Fort Français was built in the seventeenth century, to protect our fellow countrymen trading in the Gulf of Guinea. The English and the Portuguese also erected stations at the same point. The former left long ago, but the latter remain. Imagine our surprise on our arrival to find a Portuguese officer in full dress-uniform in the public square where the troops were drawn up for review. He commanded the twenty men who form the garrison of a little Portuguese enclave a few hundred yards square. He was theoretically protecting any of his countrymen who come here to trade, though it is more than a century since the last one visited this coast.

At Wida we observed some curious features of Dahomey totemism. This veneration for certain animals and vegetables is common to most, if not all, primitive religions; indeed, it has played a part in the early history of our own civilization. The totem animal or plant was considered in early ages the protecting divinity of the tribe or clan. Probably the effort to keep the totem near the village it was supposed to guard led to the first domestication of certain animals and plants. So the boar-god and the wheat-god became the pork and bread of modern man. There are many traces of this totemism in our European history. Geese were sacred at Rome; the cow is still a sacred animal, among even the most advanced races of India; and the aversion to eating dogs universal among Europeans doubtless harks back to the time when that animal was taboo. The Hebrew and Islamic prohibition against eating pork may have been as much a reaction against the cult of the sacred pig as it was a measure of hygiene. The early Christians adopted as their emblem the fish, which was the totem of the Syrians; and the Christian custom of permitting the use of fish on fast days, which goes back to certain Jewish customs, is interpreted by some as the last vestige of a concession to this Syrian totemism.

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Among the people of Dahomey, as among all the blacks, totemism is universal. The lion and the leopard have their cults and priests. The peace of the country is still frequently broken by the mysterious crimes of leopard-men, — werewolf fetish-priests disguised in leopard skins and armed with claws, — who attack solitary travelers and strangle them or scratch them to death. These are ritual crimes designed to impress the vivid imagination of the Negro, to increase the authority of the fetish-priests, and doubtless at times to conceal ordinary robbery.

But the great animal-fetish of Dahomey is *Daugbay*, the python, the 'good serpent,' whose cult originated in the Savi kingdom. Every town and village has a temple to him. The most celebrated of these is at Wida, and has long been known to Europeans. This temple is built like all the native structures, and it is surrounded by a tall palisade enclosing two magnificent trees, one a fig and the other a bombax, which shade the whole enclosure. Pythons run at large all over the place. They sleep coiled on the branches of the trees, lying along the tops of the walls, or hidden in the thatch of the roof. But the temple is not a prison. The serpents have free run of the jungle and circulate through the village; but they always return to the temple for food, which the priests give them at fixed hours. If one of them invades a private house a fetish-priest must be summoned to get him and to take him back with many pious precautions to his temple home.

From Wida we took the train along the coast to Kotonou, where the Marshal was given a delightful reception at the French Club. At this seaport our African journey ended.

From Wida we went by train to Kotonou, and then by launch several hours' journey through a desolate lagoon to Porto Novo. As we approached the metropolis great fleets of canoes packed to the gunwales with natives beating their tom-toms and chanting the fishers' greeting, *A-lara-Kiri oh! oh! A-lara-Kiri oh! oh!* came to meet us.

Porto Novo is the capital, the largest city, and the principal business-centre of this portion of Dahomey. It has thirty thousand inhabitants, or, including its suburban villages, one hundred and fifty thousand, and is growing rapidly. The colony exports large quantities of oil nuts and oil, — two fifths of which go to Hamburg and the greater part of the remainder to the United States and Italy, — corn, cotton, — a rapidly increasing product, — kapok, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, and smoked fish. It imports most of its miscellaneous manufactures from Austria, its cottons from England, its tobacco from America. France has only the leavings of this trade.

It was like an abrupt return to civilization to see the big warehouses, shops, office buildings, and banks; the Government buildings, the clubs, the court house, the post office, the cathedral, and the school buildings. Catholic missionary-schools have eleven hundred pupils, Protestant missionary-schools seven hundred, and the Government schools eight hundred. The streets are thronged from morning to night with peddlers and perambulating street-restaurants that fill the air with the odor of hot palm-oil and the smoke of burning grease. Porto Novo is the only large city that has its 'King of the Night,' or *Zounon* — a king who reigns only between the setting and the rising of the sun.

On the morning of December 10 we were swung aboard the steamship Asia in an embarking-cage; anchor was lifted; and little by little the land grew dimmer until it was lost in a rosy mist. Our journey was finished.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON[1]

BY WILLINGHAM FRANKLIN RAWNSLEY

WHEN Alfred Tennyson in December 1850 stayed in our house, the Vicarage at Shiplake, half a year after his marriage, I trotted down the kitchen-garden walk one morning between the finish of our nursery breakfast and the beginning of that downstairs, and asked questions of him, and, most gratifying to the childish mind, was talked to as if I were a companion and not a little ignorant child. He picked the leaves of the sage, rubbed his teeth with them, and said: 'That is the best thing in the world to take away the stain of tobacco'; for he was a great smoker, and I was turned out of my little bedroom when he visited us so that he might have a place to write and smoke in at pleasure, for my mother would not allow him to smoke in her best bedroom. Many years later he told me how he began to smoke. 'Jackson, the saddler at Louth, once gave me one of his strong cigars when I was a boy of twelve, and I smoked it all and flung the stump into a horsepond, and was none the worse for it, so I was bound to be a smoker.'

It was in the previous year that I first made acquaintance, at Shiplake, with Emily Sellwood, my mother's cousin. On June 13, 1850, just twenty years after their first meeting in the Fairy Wood at Somersby, Emily and Alfred were married by my father. Few people were present, and the relatives walked over from the Vicarage, which was separated from the churchyard only by a lane. I followed them as a page, a bit of syringa in my button-hole.

On his revisiting Shiplake in December he added two stanzas to the four which he wrote on the wedding-day, and which are in the Memoir. After the end of stanza two, 'You have given me such a wife,' he continues thus: —

> Have I found in one so near
> Aught but sweetness aye prevailing?
> Or through more than half a year
> Half the fraction of a failing?
> Therefore bless you, Drummond dear.
>
> Good she is and pure and just.
> Being conquered by her sweetness
> I shall come, through her, I trust,
> Into fuller-orbed completeness,
> Though but made of erring dust.

Tennyson read Matthew Arnold's 'Merman' aloud to us at Shiplake, and I heard him say as he finished it, 'I should like to have written that.' The *sound* of a line of poetry (for poetry, to be fully understood, should be read aloud) was very much to him; and he certainly was unmatched in his use of vowels and in the melody of his verse. In speaking of Browning, he once said to me: 'I don't think that poetry should be *all thought:* there should be some melody'; and he carried his objection to a jingle so far that when, after publishing his first four *Idylls of the King,* he learned that 'Enid' was properly pronounced 'Ennid,' he changed his line beginning 'Had wedded Enid' to 'Had married Enid'; the jingle of 'wedded Ennid'

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was to his ear quite impossible. He instanced to me as fine-sounding lines and some of his best (and he made them all the finer by his magnificent way of rolling them out) the lines about the burial of Elaine: —

> The maiden buried, not as one unknown
> Nor meanly, but *with gorgeous obsequies*
> *And mass and rolling music like a queen.*

Many years later, walking with my wife over the heather on Blackdown, just outside Aldworth, he sat down on the edge of a deep cart-track and recited in his magnificent voice: —

> Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
> And fill it in a silver tassie,
> That I may drink before I go
> A service to my bonnie lassie.
>
> The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
> The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
> The shouts o' war are heard afar,
> The battle closes thick and bloody.

He repeated the last two lines, rolling them out with delighted admiration, and said: 'I would have given anything to have written that.'

A line that he thought one of his best was —

> The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm.

The richness of the bird's note is expressed by the 'u' sound in two consecutive words, and the 'el' in two other words gives a liquid tone which makes the line perfect. 'And yet,' he said, 'nine tenths of the English readers would have been just as well pleased if I had written

The merry blackbird sang among the trees.

Besides the well-known 'moan of doves in immemorial elms and murmuring of innumerable bees,' another of his best lines he thought to be that which describes the sound of the bells in the poem 'Far, Far Away': —

> The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells.

He told my sister that the most beautiful and touching lines he knew were in the anonymous poem 'Forsaken': —

> O waly waly up the bank,
> And waly waly down the brae,
> And waly waly yon burn-side,
> Where I and my love wont to gae,

ending with —

> And O! if my young babe were born
> And set upon the nurse's knee,
> And I myself were dead and gone,
> And the green grass growing over me!

But to return to Elaine. Elaine's brother could not conceal his admiration for what he called 'the great Lancelot,' but Lancelot answers him: —

> Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
> The truer lance: but there is many a youth
> Now present who will come to all I am
> And overcome it; and in me there dwells
> No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
> Of greatness to know well I am not great:
> There is the man —

pointing to the king. About this passage Tennyson once said to me: 'When I wrote that I was thinking of myself and Wordsworth.' Did ever one poet pay a finer compliment to another? I might add that Wordsworth said of Tennyson: 'I have been trying all my life to write a poem like his "Dora," but in vain.' It is pleasant to hear words of genuine praise from one real poet of another, and Tennyson spoke from his heart when he said: 'Read the exquisite songs of Burns, each perfect as a berry and radiant as a dewdrop. There never was an immortal poet if he be not one'; while of Keats he said to me: 'If Keats had lived he would have been the first of us all.'

The dewy radiance of Burns's songs recalls to me my first visit to Aldworth, when I saw him walking about the room looking at an etui-case of his wife's which he held in his hand, in which was set a piece of the stone called avanturine, brown with innumerable gold sparkles in it. 'Look at it,' he said; 'see the stars in it, worlds

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within worlds!' He was clearly bent on making a simile from it for the poem he then had in hand, 'Gareth and Lynette.' It was the passage where the daughters of the Dawn approach to arm 'the morning star' for combat. He had the first line in three different ways: —

Shone gem or jewel on their dewy hair
There glanced
Or dew or jewel from their golden hair
Or gem or jewel sparkled in their hair

the second line in each case being —

Like stars within the stone avanturine.

But when the poem came out it was different from and, I venture to think, better than all these, and read thus: —

And the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone avanturine.

We were speaking, as we paced the lawn at Aldworth, of the magnificent sound of some of Homer's lines, but he said that the grandeur of the lines in Homer was due to the Greek words being spoken by the Northern tongue. 'The Greeks,' he said, 'never polufloisboied; they polufleesbeed.' His own translation of Homer, of which he did so little, is so far superior to any other that I asked him when we were on this subject of Homer if he had never thought of doing much more. He said: 'To translate Homer would be the work of a lifetime; and when done the benefit of it rests with the translator.' The lines I was thinking of as even better than the original were those from the *Iliad:* —

As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens,
Break open to their highest.

This my friend Mr. Arthur Sidgwick called 'truly an incomparable rendering.'

All his classic poems show Tennyson at his best. 'Ulysses' has in it an element of autobiography referring to his turning to work as a remedy for the desolation into which his grief at the death of Arthur Hallam had plunged him; and how fine are 'Œnone and Demeter,' and best of all 'Tithonus,' with the pathos of the boon granted by love at love's request turning out a curse, and finally 'Lucretius,' speaking of which, and especially of the passage about the abode of the gods,

Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,

I said: 'Of course that is Homer,' and the poet said: 'Yes, but I improved on Homer, because I knew that snow crystallizes in stars.'

I was still a small boy when Tennyson sent to my grandfather his 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' I have it just as he sent it, a cutting from the *Examiner* of 1854. After the first twenty lines as they now stand was a break, and then came four which are now omitted: —

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Someone had blundered.

The rest is as we have it now, except that '"Charge for the guns!" he said,' was at first '"Take the guns," Nolan said,' and 'Flashed *as they turned* in air' was well substituted finally for 'Flashed *all at once* in air.'

But even in this early original, after the line 'Plunged in the battery smoke' four lines of the *Examiner* cutting had been blacked out, and eight new ones written in by Emily Tennyson, six of which are still retained, ending with —

Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

The metre is very happy, but not a common one, and I once asked Tennyson if he had taken it from Drayton's

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'Agincourt.' He said: 'No, when I wrote it I had not seen Drayton's poem, but the *Times* account had "Someone had blundered," and the line kept running in my head, and I kept saying it over and over till it shaped itself into the burden of the poem,' where it was repeated at least twice. Knowing that, it is hard to understand how he allowed himself to be persuaded to omit the expression from the poem altogether when it first came out in book form in the *Maud* volume; but Ruskin, remonstrating and telling him that it was the key to the whole thing, got him to put it back.

Another instance of his getting wrong advice, though he did not this time take it, he told me about when we were talking of his Lincolnshire dialect poems. He said that, as it was twenty-seven years since he had left Lincolnshire, he felt that he had probably got some mistakes in his first 'Northern Farmer,' so he sent the MS. to a friend who lived near Brigg, and he altered it all into the dialect spoken in that northern part of the county. He felt sure that was not the dialect of East or Mid-Lincolnshire, and sent it to my father, who put it all back as he had written it. After that the dialect poems were always sent to one of our family before they were given to the public, but the first 'Northern Farmer' has still in it several traces of the wrong dialect in the use of 'o,' as in 'hoight' and 'squoire' and 'doy,' in place of 'a,' which the poet himself explains in his note to the *Northern Cobbler* to be the proper vowel-sound.

He loved Lincolnshire, and the sight of a Lincolnshire face was always a delight to him. Knowing this, I once asked: 'Why did you call it the "Northern" instead of the "Lincolnshire Farmer?" ' and he said: 'You see, I was modest: I had been so long out of the county that I did not feel sure my memory would serve me'; but really he was right all through.

How careful he was to be perfectly accurate may be shown by the following: Once at Farringford he asked me how they pronounced 'turnips' about Spilsby; he had been told 'turmuts.' I said, 'No, "tonnops" '; and some months later, going to see him again at Farringford, when I had forgotten all about the 'tonnops,' his first words to me were, 'You were right about that word.' He also said: 'I think you are right, too, about "greät," not "graät," for I see it is sometimes spelled "greet." '

This is an instance of his perfect accuracy, for to many the distinction between 'greät' and 'graät' is hardly perceptible. His poems were always printed and kept by him for some time before he published them, and many a new unpublished poem has he read to me, as to others, under the strictest promise of secrecy, in his study, upstairs, or in the garden, both at Farringford and Aldworth. Those were indeed delightful readings. 'Owd Roa,' one of his last dialect poems, he read to my wife and myself, and subsequently he made me read it aloud to him, and encouraged me to make suggestions on certain words, all of which when it came out I saw he had adopted. The line he made most of, speaking it with a kind of awe in his voice, is in the Globe Edition printed in italics: —

> But 'e coom'd thruf the fire wi my bairn i' 's mouth to the winder there.

He liked particularly to find that the hearer appreciated the humor of a line, and he looked up for it. His eye fairly twinkled as he read the lines —

> When 'e cooms to be deäd
> I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soört of a sarvice reäd,

and mouthed out with splendid emphasis: —

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If I beän't noäwaäys — not now-a-daäys — good for nowt,
Yet I beän't such a nowt of all nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'es bid.

I once read 'The Spinster's Sweet-arts' at a penny reading at Freshwater in the proper Lincolnshire dialect, and next morning the poet greeted me with, 'You gave me a bad night.' 'How?' I said. 'Two of the maids sleep over my room, and they were laughing half the night over "The Spinster's Sweet-arts."' I saw by his humorous smile that I was easily forgiven. The story itself is full of humor, and was, he told me, entirely spun out of his own brain, 'though the critics say I have no imagination.' His son had suggested, when he was seeking a subject for a new Lincolnshire poem, that he should make an old woman talking to her cats.

She names her cats after her four suitors, and talks to them sometimes as cats and sometimes as if they were the men themselves, mixing them up in the same sentence, or even in the same line; for instance: —

Naäy, let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha es smooth es silk,
But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou 'd not 'a' beän worth thy milk;
Thou 'd niver 'a' cotch'd ony mice, but 'a' left me the work to do,
And 'a' taäen to the bottle beside, so as all that I 'ears be true;

and again: —

Hed I married the Tommies — O Lord,
To loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I could n't 'a' stuck by my word . . .
An' no'än o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a' let me 'a' hed my oän waäy,
So I likes 'em best wi' taäils when they 'eve n't a word to saäy.

Tennyson loved his native county and loved to hear the dialect spoken, and loved more than all, he tells us, to see in his London lodgings a Lincolnshire face from his old home neighborhood. But I wonder how many when they read in *In Memoriam* the lines —

And even when she turned the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford
Or killed in falling from his horse,

recognize that all his early life Tennyson had heard 'horse' in Lincolnshire pronounced 'hurse.'

The *Four Idylls of the King*, which came out in 1859, gave us a fine poetic rendering of the version of Malory, but about the *Holy Grail* volume, which was published in 1869, Tennyson wrote to my father: 'I send you my new volume. Arthur is mystic, and no mere British prince, as I dare say you will find out: Arthur is the soul.' The poet pointed out to me that an idyll was only a picture, but he was very particular that it should be pronounced 'ĭdyll,' as the Greek word from which it is derived, 'īdyll,' and not 'ĭdyll.' He wrote much of the later Idylls lying on the ground under what is certainly the finest beech tree in the New Forest, which I got the man who used to drive him from Brockenhurst to point out to me; and from a ridge between the Ringwood and Christchurch roads out of Lyndhurst, to which I had taken the poet and his son and the charming Mary Anderson, who had come to discuss the staging of *The Foresters*, he pointed out to us as we sat facing the sun how the fern below us 'burnt as a living fire of emeralds' (as he had written in 'Pelleas and Ettarre'), 'so that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.' The passage of a dozen lines exactly describes the slope below the ridge on which we were sitting, and he said it was a description of what he had seen in the New Forest, though he speaks of it in the Idyll as 'the forest call'd of Dean,' and he complained that the *Spectator* said that his description was impossible. '*But I saw it.*' And on that afternoon we saw it too.

In 1863, when the *Enoch Arden* volume, founded on a true Norfolk

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story told to him by Woolner, was written but not yet published, a volume which contained so many delightful things, and when I, being still a schoolboy in the sixth form at Uppingham, thought it more than kind of the great man to talk to me at all, he said: 'A poet's work should be done by the time he is sixty. If I am to do anything more it must be in the next six years.' I replied that the best play of Sophocles was written when he was seventy; and, as a matter of fact, in spite of his age, the next twenty years saw the production of no less than eleven new volumes.

He never seemed to think he would live to a great age, for in 1886, when walking in the New Forest with me and Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, grandson of the poet, he turned to him with, 'How old was your grandfather when he died?' 'He was eighty.' Then I heard Tennyson, speaking to himself, say in a low voice: 'Only three years more.' Yet in 1889 he brought out the *Demeter* volume — all of it, as he said to me, with the exception of one poem which was fifty years old, the work of his eightieth year. This putting work aside and forgetting it was rather characteristic of the poet. He 'rummaged in a drawer,' he told me, to find 'Tithonus' for Thackeray to use in the *Cornhill*. It had lain hidden there for many years. He left the whole MS. of *In Memoriam* in a London lodging, whence Coventry Patmore recovered it for him; and when he was once burning many lines in another lodging-house fireplace, my uncle seized and saved 'Break, Break, Break,' from destruction, and kept an autograph copy of it all his life.

Along with it he also kept what must have been the first version of 'Sweet and Low.' It is in the poet's handwriting, and from a reference in it to the 'wold' on which he lived, and the use of a regular Lincolnshire expression, 'who *claps* the gate,' I judge that it was written at Somersby. We may note that the term 'blossom' is used for 'baby' twice over in *The Princess*:—

Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child.

The lines, which are not generally known, run thus: —

Who claps the gate
So late, so late?
Who claps the gate on the windy wold?
O were it he
Come back from sea!
Sleep, my blossom, the night is cold.

Sleep, dearest dear,
The moon is clear
To light him back to my babe and me;
And he 'll come soon
All under the moon,
A thousand miles on the silver sea.

He lived three years after the *Demeter* volume came out. The Tennysons were a long-lived family. Frederick gave me his last volume, *Poems of the Day and Year*, written when he was ninety. Cecilia lived to be ninety-two, and I talked with Matilda when she was ninety-eight, and when I said, 'I suppose you get out for a drive on fine days?' she replied with some spirit, 'I go out every day for a walk and take the dog.' She gave my wife a charming account of the excitement of the younger children (herself, Cecilia, and Horatio) having their first sight from the nursery window of Arthur Hallam crossing the lawn at Somersby, and how they admired his handsome face and his rather long hair.

This work of the poet's eightieth year, the *Demeter* volume, has some excellent writing in it. I had found him soon after his previous volume of 1886 came out with 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After' really angry at a remark of the critic who had taken for granted that he was writing in his own person. 'Taking me,' he exclaimed, 'for that old white-haired dreamer! I who have not a white hair in my head!' At that

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age, only his beard began to be grizzled, and he was still a famous walker. Indeed, his wife told me that at sixty-five she had danced with him, and he was as light and supple as he had been in the dancing-days at Horncastle. In fact, he said to me himself, 'I am the supplest of human beings.'

As he grew older his hair, thinning, showed his dome-shaped forehead, and brought him the remark which he told me he was really proud to have heard from a mason who, passing him in a London street, said, 'There goes a Shakespeare-like fellow.'

His friendship with three generations of our family, his simpleness, which only increased with years, his humor, and the endless topics on which he was able to talk so well, and the reading of his unpublished poems, made a visit to Farringford or Aldworth a memorable thing. Frederick Locker was right when he said that 'for conversation Alfred at his best had no equal.'

Many a most humorous story he has told me about my grandfather, whose home was at Halton Holgate, but a few miles from Somersby, and I have a letter of his to my grandmother in which, after saying that he visits at no house with greater pleasure than at Halton, he explains his absence by saying that he is subject to sudden fits of melancholy which come upon him sometimes in the middle of a dance. This, he told me many years later, Dr. Andrew Clarke had pronounced to be due solely to gout. In his day men still drank a very generous measure of port daily. Asking me once after an old Lincolnshire friend, he said, 'He was a good fellow, and could take his bottle.' My father told me that he was once in the dining-room where Tennyson was decanting his bottle for the evening. He first poured in a wineglass of water, and said: 'Do you know why I do that, Drummond? It is because it makes it more wholesome, and it gives me one glass more.' He did not like to be stinted in anything. His tobacco jar held about two gallons, and he preferred his tea at breakfast in a bowl, saying, 'I think a teacup is such a niggardly allowance.' But though his ideas were large, his simpleness, as age and honors increased upon him, was very noticeable, and it was due to this that he could tell a story without offense which from others would have been thought perhaps too broad. He liked to hear an outspoken opinion, and told me with much amusement that once as he was sitting on a coach approaching Winchester he asked the driver what sort of place it was, and got this answer: 'Debauched, sir, like all cathedral towns.'

Some of his best stories were told him by his neighbor in the Isle of Wight —

> Most generous of all Ultramontanes Ward,

and he liked to hear them over again.

'Tell me again,' he said to me, 'that story of the two Irishmen.' It was this, and told to me as a fact by an old pupil of mine living in West Meath: —

> Two men asleep in one room were roused by an alarm of fire. One hastily pulled on his trousers, wrong side foremost, and jumped out of window. The other, more cautious, shouted from the window: —
>
> 'Pat! Are ye kilt entirely?'
>
> 'No, I 'm not kilt entirely, but' — looking down on the bulge of his trousers in front of him — 'I 'm fearfully twisted.'

My wife was with me when, in January 1892, the last year of his life, we found him busy in the garden writing his lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence. With some difficulty we persuaded him to read us what he had written: seven lines, which are in the centre of the poem now, with four other lines before and six after them;

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and it is interesting to compare these first and last lines with his early poem, 'Love and Death,' in the 1830 volume.

His dedications of his Idylls to the Prince Consort, and of some of his later volumes to his wife, are very happy. He once described to me his visit to the Queen at Osborne. She received him like an old friend and motioned him to a chair, saying, 'You and I, Mr. Tennyson, are old people, and we like to sit down.' They sat and talked, and he lamented the socialistic and irreligious tendency of the age, of which he spoke somewhat despairingly, but ended with, 'But doubtless He sees it all'; and the Queen rejoined, 'Yes,

> 'With larger, other eyes than ours
> To make allowance for us all.'

'I thought,' said Tennyson, 'that was very pretty of the Queen to answer me out of my own writing.'

It was about this time that I spent a morning with him in his upstairs room at Aldworth, turning out some drawers full of letters in hope of finding a particularly nice one from 'that dear fellow Browning.' He spoke of Gladstone and how he had ventured to remonstrate with him on his attitude toward Canada, saying, 'But if you follow a course like that, you will have the colonies cut themselves adrift'; and Gladstone answered, 'I wish to God they would.' Tennyson thought such an attitude for a great statesman was quite incredible, and vehemently disagreed with him. Times and opinions have indeed changed since then! We could not find Browning's letter; but, sitting side by side on his big sofa, we had much interesting converse, and I having thoughtlessly used the only too common adjective 'awful,' he reproached me with, 'You have used that word twice, and I can't bear it.' I said, 'Yes, but I have used it each time in its proper sense; still, I admit I had better not have used it at all.' He also, hearing me pronounce 'knowledge' in the usual way, as if it rimed with 'college,' said, '"Knōwledge," I say, and I think that is right.' I asked, 'Do you say "acknōwledge"?' He paused a moment, and then said, 'Yes, I do. It is a finer sound, too.' He was quite right. Knowledge is what we *know*, not what we *knoll*. Soon after this I met the Master of Trinity, Dr. H. M. Butler, in the train at Winchester, and he showed me an elegant Latin version of 'Crossing the Bar,' but he had been in doubt about the meaning of —

> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

Did it mean the wave or the soul? He took it at first to be the soul, but had made an alternative line with the idea of its being the wave. I had taken it in the first instance to mean the wave, but I said I was going to see the poet and would ask him. I did so, and his reply was, 'Of course I meant both.' About that time I had met a lady who, speaking of 'Crossing the Bar,' was positive that the bar was at Barmouth and that the poem was written there. I informed her that I had the poet's word for it that it was not so, but she only treated me to a compassionate smile for my credulity. It so happened that I had asked him if it was, as I supposed, written while he was crossing from Lymington to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and he said, 'Yes, and I began and finished it in twenty minutes, did n't I, nurse?' turning to the nurse who was accompanying him.

He was very sensitive to criticism, but always took his wife's opinion as final. When he had read me some of the poems in his *Demeter* volume (as yet unpublished), after a few stanzas of 'The Leper's Bride' he said: 'My wife and son won't let me put those in; I

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don't know why: I see no harm in them.' A little later, when the book was out, he said: 'I am daily expecting an attack from Romney's son, but I have my answer ready: "See what I say of your mother, 'the wife of wives.'" '

He complained to me: 'The critics won't allow me any imagination. They take a line like "Moanings of the homeless sea" and say: " 'Moanings,' Horace; 'homeless,' Shelley," and so on. But of course the same things are seen in all ages, and naturally described in the same language. In my last volume, in 'The Progress of Spring' I said, "The starling claps his tiny castanets." The other day I saw it in a recent novel. They will say I borrowed it, and I wrote that line fifty years ago; but they won't believe that.' Another real dread he had was the being made into a school book, and he appealed to me as a schoolmaster: 'Don't let them do that. The boys will hate me.'

Perhaps the pleasantest evening I ever spent was when I was staying at Farringford, and Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, were the only other guests at the family dinner-party.

The talk was brilliant, and even Jowett was moved beyond his wont to tell a good story. Four of that party of seven have crossed the bar; the other three can have few more agreeable memories to look back to.

On another unforgettable day Dean Bradley was staying in the house at Farringford, and said to me: 'How wonderful he is! I am the younger man, but he walks me off my legs.' After lunch we were all looking at the phonograph which Edison had sent him, and at his son's suggestion he spoke some of his own lines into the machine. The Dean had selected the passage, and we listened to the sonorous tones, and saw the markings being made by the needle on the waxen cylinder; and then, sitting down all close together by the window of the little upstairs room, we heard the phonograph give back the lines, the poet listening with amusement to his own voice speaking to him.

The last time I saw him was in a little green oasis in the garden at Farringford; only Mrs. Allingham was with us, and had described a function at which she had to listen to the praises of her own water colors until, as she said, she did not know which way to look. 'Look at your pictures, Mrs. Allingham,' said Tennyson — a pretty little speech, which I often think of as the last words I heard him say, except 'Good-bye; come and see me again.'

On October 6 of that year, 1892, he died. Six days later he was laid beside Browning in Poets' Corner in the Abbey, and when the great stone was placed over his grave, there was laid on it a single small wreath made by my wife of sprigs of bay from a shrub planted by Dean Butler in the Deanery garden at Peterborough, whose parent tree had flourished over Vergil's tomb, near Naples. Attached to it were two of Tennyson's finest lines: —

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

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THE HOPI SNAKE-DANCE[1]

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

THE HOPI country is in Arizona, next the Navaho country, and some seventy miles north of the Santa Fé Railroad. The Hopis are Pueblo Indians, village Indians, so their reservation is not large. It consists of a square tract of grayish, unappetizing desert, out of which rise three tall arid mesas, broken off in ragged pallid rock. On the top of the mesas perch the ragged broken grayish pueblos, identical with the mesas on which they stand.

The nearest village, Walpi, stands in half-ruin high, high on a narrow rock-top where no leaf of life ever was tender. It is all gray, utterly dry, utterly pallid, stone and dust, and very narrow. Below it all the stark light of the dry Arizona sun. Walpi is called the 'first mesa.' And it is at the far edge of Walpi you see the withered beaks and claws and bones of sacrificed eagles, in a rock-cleft under the sky. They sacrifice an eagle each year, on the brink, by rolling him out and crushing him so as to shed no blood. Then they drop his remains down the dry cleft in the promontory's farthest gray tip.

The trail winds on, utterly bumpy and horrible, for thirty miles, past the second mesa, where Chimopova is, on to the third mesa. And on the Sunday afternoon of August 17 black automobile after automobile lurched and crawled across the gray desert, where low gray sage-scrub was coming to pallid yellow. Black hood followed crawling after black hood, like a funeral cortège. The motor-cars, with all the tourists, wending their way to the third and farthest mesa, thirty miles across this dismal desert where an odd water-windmill spun, and odd patches of corn blew in the strong desert wind, like dark-green women with fringed shawls blowing and fluttering, not far from the foot of the gray up-piled mesa.

The snake-dance, I am told, is held once a year, on each of the three mesas in succession. This year of grace 1924 it was to be held in Hotevilla, the last village on the farthest western tip of the third mesa. On and on bumped the cars. The lonely second mesa lay in the distance. On and on, to the ragged ghost of the third mesa.

The third mesa has two main villages, Oraibi, which is on the near edge, and Hotevilla, on the far. Up scrambles the car, on all its four legs, like a black beetle, straddling past the schoolhouse and store down below, up the bare rock and over the changeless boulders, with a surge and a sickening lurch to the sky-brim, where stands the rather foolish church. Just beyond, dry, gray, ruined, and apparently abandoned, Oraibi, its few ragged stone huts. All these cars come all this way, and apparently nobody at home.

You climb still, up the shoulder of rock, a few more miles, across the lofty wind-swept mesa, and so you come to Hotevilla, where the dance is, and where already hundreds of motor-cars are herded in an official camping-ground, among the piñon bushes.

Hotevilla is a tiny little village of gray little houses, raggedly built with undressed stone and mud around a

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little oblong plaza, and partly in ruins. One of the chief two-story houses on the small square is a ruin, with big square window-holes. It is a parched gray country of snakes and eagles, pitched up against the sky. And a few dark-faced, short, thickly built Indians have their few peach trees among the sand, their beans and squashes on the naked sand under the sky, their springs of brackish water.

Three thousand people came to see the little snake-dance this year, over miles of desert and bumps. Three thousand, of all sorts, cultured people from New York, Californians, onward-pressing tourists, cowboys, Navaho Indians, even Negroes; fathers, mothers, children, of all ages, colors, sizes of stoutness, dimensions of curiosity.

What had they come for? Mostly to see men hold live rattlesnakes in their mouths. 'I never did see a rattlesnake, and I 'm crazy to see one!' cried a girl with bobbed hair. There you have it. People trail hundreds of miles, avidly, to see this circus-performance of men handling live rattlesnakes that may bite them any minute — even do bite them. Some show, that!

There is the other aspect, of the ritual dance. One may look on from the angle of culture, as one looks on while Anna Pavlova dances.

Or there is still another point of view, the religious. Before the snake-dance begins, on the Monday, and the spectators are packed thick on the ground round the square, and in the window-holes, and on all the roofs, all sorts of people greedy with curiosity, a little speech is made to them all, asking the audience to be silent and respectful, as this is a sacred religious ceremonial of the Hopi Indians, and not a public entertainment. Therefore, please, no clapping or cheering or applause, but remember you are, as it were, in a church. The audience accepts the implied rebuke in good faith, and looks round with a grin at the 'church.' But it is a good-humored, very decent crowd, ready to respect any sort of feelings. And the Indian with his 'religion' is a sort of public pet.

From the cultured point of view, the Hopi snake-dance is almost nothing, not much more than a circus turn, or the games that children play in the street. It has none of the impressive beauty of the corn dance at Santo Domingo, for example. The big pueblos of Zuni, Santo Domingo, Taos, have a cultured instinct which is not revealed in the Hopi snake-dance. This last is grotesque rather than beautiful, and rather uncouth in its touch of horror. Hence the thrill, and the crowd.

As a cultured spectacle, it is a circus turn: men actually dancing round with snakes, poisonous snakes, dangling from their mouths.

And as a religious ceremonial: well, either you can be politely tolerant like the crowd to the Hopis, or you must have some spark of understanding of the sort of religion implied.

'Oh, the Indians,' I heard a woman say, 'they believe we are all brothers, the snakes are the Indians' brothers, and the Indians are the snakes' brothers. The Indians would never hurt the snakes; they won't hurt any animal. So the snakes won't bite the Indians. They are all brothers, and none of them hurts anybody.'

This sounds very nice, only more Hindu than Hopi. The dance itself does not convey much sense of fraternal communion. It is not in the least like Saint Francis preaching to the birds.

The animistic religion, as we call it, is not the religion of the Spirit. A religion of spirits, yes. But not of Spirit. There is no One Spirit. There is no One God. There is no Creator. There is strictly no God at all, because all is alive. In our conception of religion

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there exists God and His Creation: two things. We are creatures of God; therefore we pray to God as the Father, the Saviour, the Maker.

But strictly, in the religion of aboriginal America, there is no Father, and no Maker. There is the great living source of life — say the Sun of existence, to which you can no more pray than you can pray to Electricity. And emerging from this Sun are the great potencies, the invincible influences which make shine and warmth and rain. From these great interrelated potencies of rain and heat and thunder emerge the seeds of life itself, corn, and creatures like snakes. And, beyond these, men, persons. But all emerge separately. There is no oneness, no sympathetic identifying oneself with the rest. The law of isolation is heavy on every creature. . . .

On the Sunday evening is a first little dance in the plaza at Hotevilla, called the antelope dance. There is the hot, sandy, oblong little place, with a tuft of green cottonwood boughs stuck like a plume at the south end, and on the floor at the foot of the green a little lid of a trapdoor. They say the snakes are under there.

They say that the twelve officiating men of the Snake clan of the tribe have for nine days been hunting snakes in the rocks. They have been performing the mysteries for nine days in the kiva, and for two days they have fasted completely. All these days they have tended the snakes, washed them with repeated lustrations, soothed them, and exchanged spirits with them. The spirit of man soothing and seeking and making interchange with the spirits of the snakes. For the snakes are more rudimentary, nearer to the great convulsive powers. Nearer to the nameless Sun, more knowing in the slanting tracks of the rain, the pattering of the invisible feet of the rain-monster from the sky. The snakes are man's next emissaries to the rain-gods. The snakes lie nearer to the source of potency, the dark, lurking, intense sun at the centre of the earth. For to the cultured animist — and the Pueblo Indian is such — the earth's dark centre holds its dark sun, our source of isolated being, round which our world coils its folds like a great snake. The snake is nearer the dark sun.

They say — people say — that rattlesnakes are no travelers. They haunt the same spots on earth, and die there. It is said also that the snake-priests — so-called — of the Hopi probably capture the same snakes year after year.

Be that as it may. At sundown, before the real dance, there is the little dance called the antelope dance. We stand and wait on a house-roof. Behind us is tethered an eagle; rather disheveled he sits on the coping, and looks at us in unutterable resentment. See him, and see how much 'brotherhood' the Indian feels with animals — at best the silent tolerance that acknowledges dangerous difference. We wait without event. There are no drums, no announcements. Suddenly into the plaza, with rude, intense movements, hurries a little file of men. They are smeared all with gray and black, and are naked save for little kilts embroidered like the sacred dance-kilts in other pueblos, red and green and black on a white fibre-cloth. The fox-skins hang behind. The feet of the dancers are pure ash-gray. Their hair is long.

The first is a heavy old man with heavy, long, wild gray hair and heavy fringe. He plods intensely forward, in the silence, followed in a sort of circle by the other gray-smeared, long-haired, naked, concentrated men. The oldest men are first; the last is a shorthaired boy of fourteen or fifteen. There are only eight men — the so-called ante-

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lope-priests. They pace round in a circle, rudely, absorbedly, till the first heavy intense old man, with his massive gray hair flowing, comes to the lid on the ground, near the tuft of kiva-boughs. He rapidly shakes from the hollow of his right hand a little white meal on the lid, stamps heavily, with naked right foot, on the meal, so the wood resounds, and paces heavily forward. Each man, to the boy, shakes meal, stamps, paces absorbedly on in the circle, comes to the lid again, shakes meal, stamps, paces absorbedly on, comes a third time to the lid, or trap-door, and this time spits on the lid, stamps, and goes on. And this time the eight men file away behind the lid, between it and the tuft of green boughs. And there they stand in a line, their backs to the kiva-tuft of green; silent, absorbed, bowing a little to the ground.

Suddenly paces with rude haste another file of men. They are naked, and smeared with red 'medicine,' with big black lozenges of smeared paint on their backs. Their wild heavy hair hangs loose; the old heavy gray-haired men go first, then the middle-aged, then the young men, then last, two short-haired, slim boys, schoolboys. The hair of the young men, growing after school, is bobbed round.

The grown men are all heavily built, rather short, with heavy but shapely flesh, and rather straight sides. They have not the archaic slim waists of the Taos Indians. They have an archaic squareness, and a sensuous heaviness. Their very hair is black, massive, heavy. These are the so-called snake-priests, men of the snake clan. And to-night they are eleven in number.

They pace rapidly round, with that heavy wild silence of concentration characteristic of them, and cast meal and stamp upon the lid, cast meal and stamp in the second round, come round and spit and stamp in the third. For to the savage, the animist, to spit may be a kind of blessing, a communion, a sort of embrace.

The eleven snake-priests form silently in a row, facing the eight gray-smeared antelope-priests across the little lid, and bowing forward a little, to earth. Then the antelope-priests, bending forward, begin a low sombre chant or call, which sounds wordless, only a deep, low-toned, secret *Ay-a! Ay-a! Ay-a!* And they bend from right to left, giving two shakes to the little flat white rattle in their left hand at each shake, and stamping the right foot in heavy rhythm. In their right hand, which held the meal, is grasped a little skin bag, perhaps also containing meal.

They lean from right to left, two seedlike shakes of the rattle each time and the heavy rhythmic stamp of the foot, and the low sombre secretive chant-call each time. It is a strange low sound, such as we never hear, and it reveals how deep, how deep the men are in the mystery they are practising, how sunk deep below our world, to the world of snakes, and dark ways in the earth, where are the roots of corn, and where the little rivers of unchanneled, uncreated life-passion run like dark, trickling lightning, to the roots of the corn and to the feet and loins of men, from the earth's innermost dark sun. They are calling in the deep, almost silent snake-language, to the snakes and the rays of dark emission from the earth's inward 'Sun.'

At this moment a silence falls on the whole crowd of listeners. It is that famous darkness and silence of Egypt, the touch of the other mystery. The deep concentration of the 'priests' conquers, for a few seconds, our white-faced flippancy, and we hear only the deep *Háh-ha! Háh-ha!* speaking to snakes and the earth's inner core.

This lasts a minute or two. Then the antelope-priests stand bowed and still,

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and the snake-priests take up the swaying and the deep chant, which sometimes is so low it is like a mutter underground, inaudible. The rhythm is crude, the swaying unison is all uneven. Culturally there is nothing. If it were not for that mystic, dark-sacred concentration.

Several times in turn the two rows of daubed, long-haired, insunk men facing one another take up the swaying and the chant. Then that too is finished. There is a break in the formation. A young snake-priest takes up something that may be a corncob — perhaps an antelope-priest hands it to him — and comes forward, with an old, heavy, but still shapely snake-priest behind him dusting his shoulders with the feathers, eagle-feathers presumably, which are the Indians hollow prayer-sticks. With the heavy, stamping hop they move round in the previous circle, the young priest holding the cob curiously, and the old priest prancing strangely at the young priest's back, in a sort of incantation, and brushing the heavy young shoulders delicately with the prayer-feathers. It is the God-vibration that enters us from behind, and is transmitted to the hands, from the hands to the corncob. Several young priests emerge, with the bowed head and the cob in their hands and the heavy older priests hanging over them behind. They tread round the rough curve and come back to the kiva, take perhaps another cob, and tread round again.

That is all. In ten or fifteen minutes it is over. The two files file rapidly and silently away. A brief, primitive performance.

The crowd disperses. They were not many people. There were no venomous snakes on exhibition, so the mass had nothing to come for. And therefore the curious immersed intensity of the priests was able to conquer the white crowd.

By afternoon of the next day the three thousand people had massed in the little plaza, secured themselves places on the roofs and in the window-spaces, everywhere, till the small pueblo seemed built of people instead of stones. All sorts of people, hundreds and hundreds of white women, all in breeches like half-men, hundreds and hundreds of men who had been driving motor-cars, then many Navahos, the women in their full, long skirts and tight velvet bodices, the men rather lanky, long-waisted, real nomads. In the hot sun and the wind which blows the sand every day, every day in volumes round the corners, the three thousand tourists sat for hours, waiting for the show. The Indian policeman cleared the central oblong, in front of the kiva. The front rows of onlookers sat thick on the ground. And at last, rather early, because of the masses awaiting them, suddenly, silently, in the same rude haste, the antelope-priests filed absorbedly in, and made the rounds over the lid, as before. Today the eight antelope-priests were very gray. Their feet ashed pure gray, like suede soft boots, and their lower jaw was pure suede-gray, while the rest of the face was blackish. With that pale-gray jaw, they looked like corpse-faces with swathing-bands. And all their bodies ash-gray smeared, with smears of black, and a black cloth today at the loins.

They made their rounds, and took their silent position behind the lid, with backs to the green tuft: an unearthly gray row of men with little skin bags in their hands. They were the lords of shadow, the intermediate twilight, the place of after-life and before-life, where house the winds of change. Lords of the mysterious fleeting power of change.

Suddenly, with abrupt silence, in paced the snake-priests, headed by the same heavy man with solid gray hair

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like iron. To-day they were twelve men, from the old one down to the slight, short-haired, erect boy of fourteen. Twelve men, two for each of the six worlds, or quarters: east, north, south, west, above, and below. And to-day they were in a queer ecstasy. Their faces were black, showing the whites of the eyes. And they wore small black loin-aprons. They were the hot living men of the darkness, lords of the earth's inner rays, the black sun of the earth's vital core, from which dart the speckled snakes, like beams.

Round they went, in rapid, uneven, silent absorption, the three rounds. Then in a row they faced the eight ash-gray men, across the lid. All kept their heads bowed toward earth, except the young boys.

Then, in the intense, secret, muttering chant the gray men began their leaning from right to left, shaking the hand, one-two, one-two, and bowing the body each time from right to left, left to right, above the lid in the ground, under which were the snakes. And their low, deep, mysterious voices spoke to the spirits under the earth, not to men above the earth.

But the crowd was on tenterhooks for the snakes, and could hardly wait for the mummery to cease. There was an atmosphere of inattention and impatience. But the chant and the swaying passed from the gray men to the black-faced men, and back again, several times.

This was finished. The formation of the lines broke up. There was a slight crowding to the centre, round the lid. The old antelope-priest — so-called — was stooping. And before the crowd could realize anything else a young priest emerged, bowing reverently, with the neck of a pale, delicate rattlesnake held between his teeth, the little naïve birdlike head of the rattlesnake quite still, near the black cheek, and the long, pale, yellowish, spangled body of the snake dangling like some thick, beautiful cord. On passed the black-faced young priest, with the wondering snake dangling from his mouth, pacing in the original circle, while behind him, leaping almost on his shoulders, was the oldest heavy priest, dusting the young man's shoulders with the feather prayer-sticks, in an intense, earnest anxiety of concentration such as I have seen only in the old Indian men during a religious dance.

Came another young black-faced man out of the confusion, with another snake dangling and writhing a little from his mouth, and an elder priest dusting him from behind with the feathers; and then another, and another, till it was all confusion, probably, of six, and then four young priests with snakes dangling from their mouths, going round, apparently, three times in the circle. At the end of the third round the young priest stooped and delicately laid his snake on the earth, waving him away, away, as it were, into the world. He must not wriggle back to the kiva bush.

And after wondering a moment, the pale, delicate snake steered away with a rattlesnake's beautiful movement, rippling and looping, with the small, sensitive head lifted like antennæ, across the sand to the massed audience squatting solid on the ground around. Like soft, watery lightning went the wondering snake at the crowd. As he came nearer, the people began to shrink aside, half-mesmerized. But they betrayed no exaggerated fear. And as the little snake drew very near, up rushed one of the two black-faced young priests, who held the snake-stick poised a moment over the snake, in the prayer-concentration of reverence which is at the same time conquest, and snatched the pale, long creature delicately from the ground, waving him in

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a swoop over the heads of the seated crowd, then delicately smoothing down the length of the snake with his left hand, stroking and smoothing and soothing the long, pale, birdlike thing; and, returning with it to the kiva, handed it to one of the gray-jawed antelope-priests.

Meanwhile, all the time, the other young priests were emerging with snakes dangling from their mouths. The boy had finished his rounds. He launched his rattlesnake on the ground, like a ship, and, like a ship, away it steered. In a moment, after it went one of those two young black-faced priests who carried snake-sticks and were the snake-catchers. As it neared the crowd, very close, he caught it up and waved it dramatically, his eyes glaring strangely out of his black face. And in the interim that youngest boy had been given a long, handsome bull-snake, by the priest at the hole under the kiva boughs.

The bull-snake is not poisonous. It is a constrictor. This one was six feet long, with a sumptuous pattern. It waved its pale belly, and pulled its neck out of the boy's mouth. With two hands he put it back. It pulled itself once more free. Again he got it back, and managed to hold it. And then, as he went round in his looping circle, it coiled its handsome folds twice round his knee. He stooped, quietly, and as quietly as if he were untying his garter he unloosed the folds. And all the time an old priest was intently brushing the boy's thin straight shoulders with the feathers. And all the time the snakes seemed strangely gentle, naïve, wondering, and almost willing, almost in harmony with the men. Which of course was the sacred aim. While the boy's expression remained quite still and simple, as it were candid, in a candor where he and the snake should be in unison. The only dancers who showed signs of being wrought-up were the two young snake-catchers, and one of these, particularly, seemed in a state of actorlike uplift, rather ostentatious. But the old priests had that immersed, religious intentness which is like a spell, something from another world.

The young boy launched his bull-snake. It wanted to go back to the kiva. The snake-catcher drove it gently forward. Away it went, toward the crowd, and at the last minute was caught up into the air. Then this snake was handed to an old man sitting on the ground in the audience, in the front row. He was an old Hopi of the Snake clan.

Snake after snake had been carried round in the circles, dangling by the neck from the mouths of one young priest or another, and writhing and swaying slowly, with the small, delicate snake-head held as if wondering and listening. There had been some very large rattlesnakes, unusually large, two or three handsome bull-snakes, and some racers, whipsnakes. All had been launched, after their circuits in the mouth, all had been caught up by the young priests with the snake-sticks, one or two had been handed to old Snake clan men in the audience, who sat holding them in their arms as men hold a kitten. The most of the snakes, however, had been handed to the gray antelope-men who stood in the row, with their backs to the kiva bush. Till some of these ash-smeared men held armfuls of snakes, hanging over their arms like wet washing. Some of the snakes twisted and knotted round one another, showing pale bellies.

Yet most of them hung very still and docile. Docile, almost sympathetic, so that one was struck only by their clean slim length of snake nudity, their beauty, like soft, quiescent lightning. They were so clean, because they had

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been washed and anointed and lustrated by the priests, in the days they had been in the kiva.

At last all the snakes had been mouth-carried in the circuits, and had made their little outrunning excursion to the crowd, and had been handed back to the priests in the rear. And now the Indian policemen, Hopi and Navaho, began to clear away the crowd that sat on the ground, five or six rows deep, around the small plaza. The snakes were all going to be set free on the ground. We must clear away.

We recoiled to the farther end of the plaza. There two Hopi women were scattering white cornmeal on the sandy ground. And thither came the two snake-catchers, almost at once, with their arms full of snakes. And before we who stood had realized it the snakes were all writhing and squirming on the ground, in the white dust of meal, a couple of yards from our feet. Then immediately, before they could writhe clear of each other and steer away, they were gently, swiftly snatched up again, and with their arms full of snakes the two young priests went running out of the plaza.

We followed slowly, wondering, toward the western or northwestern edge of the mesa. There the mesa dropped steeply, and a broad trail wound down to the vast hollow of desert brimmed up with strong evening light, up out of which jutted a perspective of sharp rock and further mesas and distant sharp mountains: the great, hollow, rock-wilderness space of that part of Arizona, submerged in light.

Away down the trail, small dark naked rapid figures with arms held close, went the two young men, running swiftly down to the hollow level, and diminishing, running across the hollow toward more stark rocks of the other side. Two small, rapid, intent, dwindling little human figures. The tiny dark sparks of men. Such specks of gods.

They disappeared, no bigger than stones, behind rocks in shadow. They had gone, it was said, to lay down the snakes before a rock called the snake-shrine, and let them all go free. Free to carry the message and thanks to the dragon-gods who can give and withhold. To carry the human spirit, the human breath, the human prayer, the human gratitude, the human command which had been breathed upon them in the mouths of the priests, transferred into them from those feather prayer-sticks which the old wise men swept upon the shoulders of the young, snake-bearing men, to carry this back, into the vaster, dimmer, inchoate regions where the monsters of rain and wind alternated in beneficence and wrath. Carry the human prayer and will power into the holes of the winds, down into the octopus heart of the rain-source. Carry the cornmeal, which the women had scattered, back to that terrific, dread, and causeful dark sun which is at the earth's core, that which sends us corn out of the earth's nearness, sends us food or death, according to our strength of vital purpose, our power of sensitive will, our courage.

It is battle, a wrestling all the time. The Sun, the nameless Sun, source of all things, which we call sun because the other name is too fearful, this, this vast dark protoplasmic sun from which issues all that feeds our life, this original One is all the time willing and unwilling. Systole, diastole, it pulses its willingness and its unwillingness that we should live and move on, from being to being, manhood to further manhood. Man, small vulnerable man, the farthest adventurer from the dark heart of the first of suns, into the cosmos of creation. Man, the last god won into existence. And all the time he is sustained and threatened, menaced and sus-

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tained, from the Source, the innermost sun-dragon. And all the time he must submit and he must conquer. Submit to the strange beneficence from the Source, whose ways are past finding out. And conquer the strange malevolence of the Source, which is past comprehension also. For the great dragons from which we draw our vitality are all the time willing and unwilling that we should have being. Hence only the heroes snatch manhood, little by little, from the strange den of the Cosmos.

Man, little man, with his consciousness and his will, must both submit to the great origin-powers of his life and conquer them. Conquered by man, who has overcome his fears, the snakes must go back into the earth with his messages of tenderness, of request, and of power. They go back as rays of love to the dark heart of the first of suns. But they go back also as arrows shot clean by man's sapience and courage, into the resistant, malevolent heart of the earth's oldest, stubborn core. In the core of the first of suns, whence man draws his vitality, lies poison as bitter as the rattlesnake's. This poison man must overcome; he must be master of its issue. Because from the first of suns come traveling the rays that make men strong and glad, and gods who can range between the known and the unknown. Rays that quiver out of the earth as serpents do, naked with vitality. But each ray charged with poison for the unwary, the irreverent, and the cowardly. Awareness, wariness, is the first virtue in primitive man's morality. And his awareness must travel back and forth, back and forth, from the darkest origins out to the brightest edifices of creation.

And amid all its crudity, and the sensationalism which comes chiefly out of the crowd's desire for thrills, one cannot help pausing in reverence before the delicate, anointed bravery of the snake-priests — so-called — with the snakes.

They say the Hopis have a marvelous secret cure for snake-bites. They say the bitten are given an emetic drink, after the dance, by the old women, and that they must lie on the edge of the cliff and vomit, vomit, vomit. I saw none of this. The two snake-men who ran down into the shadow came soon running up again, running all the while, and, steering off at a tangent, ran up the mesa once more, but beyond a deep, impassable cleft. And there, when they had come up to our level, we saw them across the cleft distance washing, brown and naked, in a pool; washing off the paint, the medicine, the ecstasy, to come back into daily life and eat food. Because for two days they had eaten nothing, it was said. And for nine days they had been immersed in the mystery of snakes, and fasting in some measure.

Men who have lived many years among the Indians say they do not believe the Hopi have any secret cure. Sometimes priests do die of bites, it is said. But a rattlesnake secretes his poison slowly. Each time he strikes he loses his venom, until if he strike several times he has very little wherewithal to poison a man. Not enough, not half enough to kill. His glands must be very full charged with poison, as they are when he merges from winter-sleep, before he can kill a man outright.

Therefore, during the nine days of the kiva, when the snakes are bathed and lustrated, perhaps they strike their poison away into some inanimate object. And surely they are soothed and calmed with such things as the priests, after centuries of experience, know.

We dam the Nile and take the railway across America. The Hopi smooths the rattlesnake and carries him in his mouth, to send him back into

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the dark places of the earth, an emissary to the inner powers.

To each sort of man his own achievement, his own victory, his own conquest. To the Hopi, the origins are dark and dual, cruelty is coiled in the very beginnings of all things, and circle after circle creation emerges toward a flickering, revealed Godhead. With Man as the godhead so far achieved, waveringly and forever incomplete, in this world.

To us, and to the Orientals, the Godhead was perfect to start with, and man makes but a mechanical excursion into a created and ordained universe, an excursion of mechanical achievement, and of yearning for return to the perfect Godhead of the beginning.

To us, God was in the beginning, Paradise and the Golden Age have been long lost, and all we can do is to win back. To the Hopi, God is not yet, and the Golden Age lies far ahead. Out of the dragon's den of the cosmos we have wrested only the beginnings of our being, the rudiments of our godhead.

Between the two visions lies the gulf of mutual negations. But ours was the quickest way, so we are conquerors for the moment.

The American aborigines are radically, innately religious. The fabric of their life is religious. But their religion is animistic, their sources are dark and impersonal, their conflict with their 'gods' is slow, and unceasing.

This is true of the settled Pueblo Indians and the wandering Navaho, the ancient Maya, and the surviving Aztec. They are all involved at every moment in their old, struggling religion.

Until they break in a kind of hopelessness under our cheerful, triumphant success. Which is what is rapidly happening. The young Indians who have been to school for many years are losing their religion, becoming discontented, bored, and rootless. An Indian with his own religion inside him *cannot* be bored. The flow of the mystery is too intense all the time — too intense, even, for him to adjust himself to circumstances which really are mechanical. Hence his failure. So he, in his great religious struggle for the Godhead of man, falls back beaten. The Personal God who ordained a mechanical cosmos gave the victory to his sons, a mechanical triumph.

Soon after the dance is over, the Navahos begin to ride down the Western trail, into the light. Their women, with velvet bodices and full, full skirts, silver and turquoise tinkling thick on their breasts, sit back on their horses and ride down the steep slope, looking wonderingly around from their pleasant, broad, nomadic, Mongolian faces. And the men — long, loose, thin, long-waisted, with tall hats on their brows and low-sunk silver belts on their hips — come down to water their horses at the spring. We say they look wild. But they have the remoteness of their religion, their animistic vision, in their eyes; they can't see as we see. And they cannot accept us. They stare at us as the coyotes stare at us, the gulf of mutual negation between us.

So in groups, in pairs, singly, they ride silently down into the lower strata of light, the aboriginal Americans riding into their shut-in reservations. While the white Americans hurry back to their motor-cars, and soon the air buzzes with starting engines, like the biggest of rattlesnakes buzzing.

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TOTOTA

A STORY OF OLD BUENOS AIRES

BY MANUEL UGARTE

[This story is translated from the author's tales of Argentine life published under the title *Cuentos de la Pampa* by Calpé, Madrid, in 1920.]

I am far from professing that Buenos Aires was at this time only a big village. The prophecy of a great metropolis was already evident in a thousand subtle ways. But at the time I am about to record many reminders of the colonial period survived. This was particularly true in respect to religion. In high society, to be sure, church attendance was already becoming largely a matter of good form, and many of the common people were drifting away from the faith; but an immense majority still professed and practised the ancient piety. The modest one-story houses that bordered in endless lines the ill-paved streets still sheltered families whose entire lives were passed in the shadow of the parish church. Sermons, vespers, matins, rosaries, fasts, and masses absorbed most of the women's time. The rest was devoted to making vestments, embroidering altar cloths, preparing for christenings, and discussing behind deceptive shutters, that allowed one to see without being seen, such exciting themes as the neighborhood quarrels, the clothes of the passers-by, and the innocent love-affairs of the girls, who even then managed to escape the vigilance of their duennas long enough to accept a flower through a window-grating.

In this simple atmosphere lived the Pedriels. No family in Montserrat Parish stood higher in neighborhood esteem. Everyone praised the perfect harmony and sweet temper of the three elderly maiden sisters who composed the adult household. The youngest of them had already passed fifty. To see them in their eternal mourning, their black-alpaca dresses, their black shawls pinned hoodlike under their chins, one would have said that they never had been young. To be sure, back in the time of the tyrant Rozas the youngest had had a girlhood engagement with a young doctor, who wrote verses and who died fighting against the *Unitarios*. But the elder sisters had never deviated even that far from the straight and narrow path of their conventual life. An old Negro mammy who had seen 'the girls' born, and who still served them faithfully in spite of her seventy years, dusted daily the ancestral rep-upholstered chairs, the gray rugs, and the fireside brasses that perpetuated the family memories of an earlier generation.

Only one ray of sunshine illumined that sombre circle — a cheery young niece who had come to live with her aunts after the death of her father, a gallant and adventurous colonel, whom no one would have imagined to be a Pedriel. Carlota, whom they called Totota because that is the way she pronounced her name when a baby, was a slender, bright-eyed, buoyant-

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spirited girl. She wore the same black as her aunts, but neither her melancholy garb nor constant church attendance agreed with her temperament. The first open evidence of this was the memorable occasion when she demanded her first hat.

This revolutionary request so shocked the little household that no one spoke for a few moments. Doña Felisa, whose opinions were law for her sisters, merely made the sign of the cross. But the niece was seventeen years old, and had inherited her father's willfulness. She argued that the Cortiles, who were cousins of a bishop, had already stopped wearing shawls over their heads. Where was there a worthier man than Doctor Funes, President of the Catholic Club? Yet his daughters now wore hats. Everybody was beginning to dress in the modern way. Calle Florida and Calle de la Victoria were full of the most delightful things. Of course Totota did not want to be conspicuous. The modestest little hat would do. But she must have something to wear besides that hot shawl!

After long hours of argument and discussion, the Pedriel sisters finally decided in the interest of peace to buy a sort of gray saucer ornamented with a blue flower on top and a microscopic feather on one side rising about five centimetres above the crown. It was a hat that would have thrown a fashionable young lady of to-day into paroxysms of laughter. But Totota was happy, absolutely happy — until she discovered that the hat was gradually shedding even its tiny bit of elegance, because her implacable and conscience-stricken aunt would come in the night and repeatedly trim down the feather.

Totota's suitor, Julio Mario Peñaranda, knew all about this. For no matter how austere a family may be, a pretty girl generally finds an admirer. Of course, it all happened in the most correct way imaginable! Occasionally they exchanged a few words through the window. And if they wrote the lengthiest of letters and slipped them furtively from hand to hand when entering or leaving church, it was because they could not meet openly in the Pedriel's *sala*. For how could those ladies approve the son of a notorious Free Mason and lodge officer, universally reputed to hold the most wicked opinions? At that time an impassable gulf separated a family of the old colonial traditions from the family of a lawyer-politician.

Truth forces me to confess that the young people personally minimized these insurmountable barriers. Of course, Totota was well aware of the opinion of her aunts. Once when Don Julio passed, as was his custom every evening between five and six, in the hope of catching a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes behind the shutters, Petra, the youngest of the aunts, who was supposed to be an authority on love matters because she had once been engaged, remarked with an air of finality: 'That man would not make a proper husband.'

The sisters hoped to find a formal, religious, quiet, ultrarespectable man as husband for their niece — someone like Don Jacobo. 'There's a marriage for you!' Totota would mutter to herself. 'Tie me up to a bald-headed old widower who constantly complains of rheumatism and dresses like a sexton.' And Don Julio, with his downy moustache and twirling cane, would acquire new graces by comparison.

The very evening after Aunt Petra made the remark just quoted, it chanced that Totota received through her usual post box — a tiny hole in a windowpane — a most dramatic and

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threatening letter. Her infatuated suitor was ready for anything. He had discovered what the Pedriels were planning, and if 'the sexton' ventured near the house he could not answer for what might happen. Things could not continue as they were. The aunts must be persuaded to give him a chance — Totota must insist that they accept him as her regular suitor, and fix a day for their marriage. Unless something was done he could not be responsible for consequences — he might take some rash step.

Totota cried over this letter with all the ingenuousness of her seventeen years. She could not bring herself to refuse to marry Julio. She could not conceive of any happiness in life without him. But how was she to handle her family? How could she dare to rebel against the stern religious discipline of her household? If she did not do as Julio wished, he might imagine she was considering Don Jacobo — and the Lord only knew what might happen then; he said plainly in his letter that he was capable of any rashness. But if she made a clean breast of it to her aunts, might they not shut her up in a convent to save her from perdition? Poor little Totota was indeed in dismay. She fell on her knees before the gold-framed picture of the saint who had beamed indulgently upon her childhood devotions, and clasped her hands.

An inspiration flashed upon her. Why not write what she had not the courage to ask with her own lips? Why had n't she thought of that before? In a moment Totota was seated at an old writing-table against the wall, on which a prayer book, a statue of Saint Augustine, and a picture of her father stood ranged in a row. Her pen skipped over the paper like a rabbit. How easy it was to write, to say just what she meant; and how easily persuasive and eloquent sentences came to her mind! Surely this meant good luck! Folding the missive, she seized the first opportunity to enter Aunt Felisa's bedroom unobserved and to leave it on the lampstand at the head of her bed. The Virgin would do the rest.

Next morning black thunderclouds lowered over the domestic circle. The three sisters were up earlier than usual, and their eyes betrayed evidence of a sleepless night. They spoke little and briefly. They moved about silently, as if a sick person were in the house.

Indeed, a great crisis had befallen their simple and placid lives. They felt keenly responsible for the future of their niece, whom they adored with the stern, inflexible devotion of their elderly spinsterhood; for the Pedriels concealed beneath their unruffled and undemonstrative manner a vast fund of deep affection. The thought that they might make a mistake — that they might unintentionally do wrong — tortured them. What should they decide? How should they handle the situation? Doña Felisa kept closing her eyes, unable to settle on a suggestion, and her sisters, accustomed to depend entirely upon her judgment in serious matters, watched her in silent suspense.

Petrona was the first to speak. The best thing would be to ask the advice of the Father Confessor. But Doña Felisa shrugged her shoulders. Did n't they all know that Father Enrique had been sick abed for the past week? Were it not for that she would have gone to him at once. But who would carry their mundane troubles to a venerable priest on the point of delivering his soul to his Creator? And as to other confessors, that was a difficult problem. The churches were filling up with 'liberalizers' and 'temporizers,' who hastened to absolve people to get rid of them. Besides that, it would be

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necessary to relate the whole Pedriel history to a new confessor if he were to judge the matter properly. And times had changed. With rare exceptions the confessionals were now filled by quick-witted young priests puffed up with the learning of the seminaries they had just left, who listened to you as if they were thinking of other things.

'But if I could only see Father Jacinto!' Doña Felisa suddenly exclaimed, illumined by a new revelation; for the fame of this celebrated preacher had resounded like a deep-toned bell through the home of the three sisters.

'Father Jacinto!' echoed Rufina with enthusiasm. 'He *would be* a confessor! Those who have had the good fortune to consult him say they never saw another soul so close to the Divine.'

How many lives had been changed by him! Remarkable cases of reformed sinners were mentioned. But it was very difficult to see him. The preparation of his sermons absorbed the greater part of his time. His modesty kept him out of society. He never visited anybody. He could never be seen at home, because he spent all his leisure going from church to convent and from school to hospital consoling the afflicted. Only by a miracle —

'In any case, I shall write him,' declared the eldest Pedriel, recovering her usual decision. And as her sisters approved, Doña Felisa put on her spectacles and with great care — for this was to be an all-important letter — engrossed at the top of the sheet a 'Reverend Father' likely to inspire confidence.

It is needless to say that Totota had watched every word and motion of her aunts that morning. Contrary to her expectations, they had not mentioned her letter. But their very silence frightened her. The moment she discovered what Doña Felisa was doing she shut herself up in her room and likewise wrote a letter — to Don Julio, telling him all that had happened. Rolling the paper hastily in the form of a microscopic cigarette, she waited until precisely 11 A.M., when Julio always passed the house, to dart it through the window like an arrow.

Half an hour later the manœuvre was repeated, only that this time the letter came from outside. It was brief and to the point: 'Without knowing it, you have suggested how we may save the situation. Perhaps it will clear up to-morrow. I cannot promise, but I am hopeful. I am ready to risk anything. Trust me.'

What I have just related happened on Friday, *día de inquietudes y presagios.* I never have known why Friday should be more unlucky than Sunday or Monday; but I hope it is so. For if the superstitution is true, and all our catastrophes bunch up on one day of the week, it ought to be easier to dodge them. But let us get back to our story.

Early Saturday morning, while the street lights were still burning, Julio Mario Peñaranda hastily skipped up the steps that led to the church of Montserrat. Its vacant seats and unlighted altars were wrapped in gloom. Two or three devout parishoners sat dozing, waiting for the first Mass. A glacial solemnity pervaded the incense- and moisture-laden air.

The young man hastened down the aisle, and like a person on important business bent, approached a sprightly young acolyte who was just then spreading a rug in front of the door of the sacristy. 'Who are the confessors to-day?' he asked.

'Only one.'

'And his name?'

'Father Gonzalo,' responded the youth, a little irritated by the confident self-assurance of the young man.

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Julio divined this, and slipped him a bill. 'What time does he get here?'

The acolyte pointed to the door of a confessional at the foot of the pulpit where a card hung saying: 'Father Gonzalo, from seven to ten.'

'Excellent!' declared Totota's suitor. 'All that is necessary now is for you to help me carry out my instructions.'

'Instructions from whom?'

'From the Archbishop.'

'*Demonio!*' exclaimed the young fellow, in spite of the solemnity of the place.

'Instructions from the Archbishop,' repeated Julio gravely. 'But you must not tell anybody, and you must do what I tell you. You will get another bill for it.'

'Whatever is right and proper.'

'You can convince yourself of that. Now listen. Do you know Father Jacinto?'

The acolyte made a rueful gesture of assent. 'Not know him? He preached here ten days ago, and my toes are still sore from being trodden on. The church was packed clear out into the street. As it is not easy to hear from the big altar, we slipped away with *el ñato* and with Pedro to the first pillars. What heat! What grumbling! But we did n't mind it. I never saw anything like it. The Father must be a saint. Don't you think so?'

'Naturally,' Julio hastened to reply. 'But now to the other matter.'

'What other matter?'

'What I was about to tell you.'

'Yes.'

'You promise to keep it secret?'

'I have already promised.'

'Father Jacinto will be here in a few minutes.'

'Father Jacinto will be here!' exclaimed the astonished acolyte. 'I must go and tell His Reverence at once. I'll be back in a minute.'

'Don't tell anyone,' whispered Julio, detaining him. 'It's a surprise. You'll understand later. The important thing is quite a different matter.'

'What?'

'Now listen to what I say, and don't blunder things. If the Archbishop discovers that you have been indiscreet he will not easily forgive you.'

'What must I do?'

'Do you know Doña Felisa Pedriel?'

'Naturally. She comes in here to pray several times a day. Without counting that, she has a special Mass said every Monday, and gives me a bill for fifty centavos each time.'

'Then you will understand me easily. Doña Felisa is coming to confess to Father Jacinto. She does n't wish anyone to see her. You can understand the reason. If it gets about, every good woman in the parish will likewise want the privilege of confessing to the good Father, and he has not the time or strength for it.'

'That must be true. They say that he sits up all night to write his sermons.'

'Quite true,' assented Julio, relieved to find that things were going his way. 'So we shall trust to you to see that Father Jacinto is left in peace.'

'How?'

'Place yourself at the front door so that no one will notice you. You will not see the illustrious Father himself, for he will enter by the side door. But the moment Señora de Pedriel appears, go up to her and tell her that Father Jacinto is waiting for her in the first confessional to the right. Do you understand?'

While the acolyte hastened to his post, Julio disappeared between the pillars, opened the door of the confessional, and entered, muttering to himself: 'Not a very delicate strategem, but love dares anything.'

Everything must have gone off as the infatuated young man intended, for when Doña Felisa returned home her

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eyes shone with a new light. The three sisters gathered in the dining-room, where she, breathless with emotion, burst into a rapture of enthusiasm. It had been a revelation; only a saint like Father Jacinto could have seen things from such a lofty point of view; if all confessors were only like him! But Petra and Rufina interrupted with one voice to ask what his decision was, whereupon Felisa condensed the whole story in one short sentence: 'Totota will marry the Mason.'

In spite of their habitual docility, the two sisters could not suppress a movement of dissent and astonishment. But good Felisa regarded them with an indulgent look. She too had felt rebellious for a moment when Father Jacinto first pointed out this solution, but it took a man like him to make things clear. Their duty, she said, condensing into a few sentences the argument she had heard, was to think only of the salvation of their own souls and the pure happiness of the innocent creature whom Providence had committed to their care. If Totota had never conceived a passion for this young man, it would have been better to have dedicated her to the Master and to have persuaded her to enter a religious order. But the child herself had rejected that high vocation, and the Church could only accept those who voluntarily offered themselves to her. Possibly they themselves were more or less responsible for this. They may have been weak. But it was too late to mend things now. Totota elected the vanities of the world. The only thing now was to make them as harmless as possible. There were only two alternatives: to refuse Don Julio's suit and put Totota under lock and key, exposing her to all the dangers of defeated love; or to accept him as the lesser evil, and to exert themselves to lead him from the path of perdition that now threatened his soul. A Christian should choose the ways of peace and not the ways of discord. Perhaps Heaven had made it their mission to save this young man from his present careless and worldly life. Possibly they might be able, through Julio, even to influence his father. The ways of the Lord are inscrutable, and He might make them his modest instruments to lead two of his erring children back to the path of duty.

Petra and Rufina lifted their eyes with trustful admiration. These words seemed to come directly from Heaven itself. Without losing a moment all three precipitated themselves upon Totota and told her their decision amid a torrent of tears.

Youth had triumphed. But how simple, ingenuous, and sincere were those three poor souls, imprisoned by the customs and prejudices of a generation that survived only in their own hearts and memories! Who could refuse a genuflection of reverence to their saintliness of purpose. At least, that was the opinion of Julio, who married Totota six months later, while Doña Felisa was still talking about her confession with Father Jacinto. For the note in which the celebrated preacher had excused himself never reached the hands of the good lady.

Nevertheless, at times she had a vague intuition that all had not been quite as it appeared; and occasionally she would interrupt, half-angrily, half-jokingly, the conversation of the young couple to say to her nephew, 'You are an imp.'

On such occasions her voice betrayed a mixture of disapproval and endearment that she could not explain to herself.

'And you are an angel!' Julio would invariably answer, kissing Aunt Felisa's hand.

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THE SPOON-FED AGE[1]

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE

At the season when the British paterfamilias is sending his children on their Christmas visit to the dentist it must occur to him to wonder why the noble savage never has any trouble with his teeth. It is said that they are kept healthy by the hard work they have to do in tearing tough meat without the help of knife and fork. These implements, and the art of cookery, are reducing man to a toothless animal, and are, perhaps, responsible for such evils as appendicitis and cancer, from which savages hardly suffer at all.

This is only a sample of what civilization is doing to us; and civilization, for the majority in every nation, is not yet a hundred years old. Until quite lately the housewife used to bake her own bread, make her own jam, and offer her friends home-brewed wine. Now she can do none of these things. The laborer, before the industrial revolution, was a handy man, almost self-sufficing. Now he understands only one thing — perhaps how to punch out biscuits from a slab of pulp without making the circles intersect. Mr. Austin Freeman, whose observations of savage peoples have made him keenly alive to the evils of machinery, describes how his caravan was overtaken by a storm in Central Africa. The natives set to work in the forest, and in a few hours a row of serviceable waterproof huts had been constructed. The despised savage would no more ask the Government to build a house for him than he would ask it to comb his hair.

[1]From the *Morning Post* (Tory daily), *January* 8.

Every year we invent machines to do something new for us. Handwriting used to be an art, and a pretty one. Now an increasing number of people rely entirely on the typewriter, and American advertisers assure us that 'you cannot afford to do your writing in the old way.' When the typewriter has been introduced into schools we may have a generation who cannot write at all.

Walking and riding, two delightful and health-giving exercises, are becoming extinct. Two hundred years ago the roads were full of riders, and of pedestrians who thought nothing of thirty miles a day. The joys of a long country walk, either solitary or with a friend, are unknown to the younger generation, although there is no more delightful way of spending a spring or summer day.

The changes that have come over reading are less obvious, but equally great. An ancient manuscript fills us with wonder that men ever had eyesight and patience enough for such reading. It must have been a slow process — not altogether a disadvantage when the book is a good one. Mediæval manuscripts and early printed books are sometimes clear, but often so minute as to try the strongest modern eyes. And spectacles, probably poor ones at first, are said to have been first discovered about 1300 A.D. No wonder, we think, that the Greeks disliked old age, when they had neither spectacles nor false teeth. But they got on without them fairly well, though they were a very long-lived race.

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DEAN INGE: A PORTRAIT
Victoria Monkhouse in the *London Mercury*

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Sophocles wrote his last play, without spectacles, when he was ninety.

The Germans too, until very recently, made reading a painful exercise. They still like large and closely printed pages, but when to this was added the black-letter type, peculiarly trying to the eyes, and the contorted German sentence, sprawling over half a page, with the verbs, or parts of them, in a bunch at the end, we cannot say that the path of learning was made easy for the most diligent and plodding of nations.

Even in English, if we compare the prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with that which is written to-day, we shall find that the earlier prose demands real mental exercise on the part of the reader. Modern prose, even when written quickly for ephemeral purposes, may not be beautiful or dignified, but is always perfectly clear. There is no difficulty in understanding what any sentence means, and writers are careful not to jolt the minds of their readers by anything obscure or ambiguous. Our books are all printed in good plain type.

Reading in these circumstances is purely receptive; it is not work at all. For most people it is an agreeable way of killing time, and obviating the painful necessity of thinking, when we have nothing else to do. Our journeyman fiction is evidently a means of getting away from real life, a mild anodyne, or a stimulus to daydreaming. Newspaper-reading seems to be more than half the result of interest in vicarious athletics and in betting, topics which make no demand on the intellect whatever. There is also a wide desire for general information, but it is only the results, not the method by which they are arrived at, which interest the public. The newspapers are full of snippets, often very well written and illustrated, which give their readers the latest science — in tabloid form. The pictures are all photographs; here again we are watching the death of a fine art, that of drawing and painting.

Education, except where the pupils are encouraged to make things with their hands, is mainly spoon-feeding. Fifty years ago the editions of the classics were so bad that the student had to puzzle out difficulties for himself. Now he sits luxuriously before a crib, two commentaries, and a book of lecture-notes which have been slowly dictated in class. He need not use his brains at all. The battle between Greeks and Trojans in education has raged for many years; but the truth is that the conscientious tutor and the conscientious editor between them have killed the valuable part of a classical training.

The same process of making things easy is discernible even in games. Half a century ago the cricket coaches at Eton and Harrow used to bowl to the elevens down a slope, to teach them how to stop the famous Lord's shooters. Now if a ball shoots at Lord's, which it hardly ever does, it always gets a wicket, and the aggrieved batsman complains of the groundman. The modern mountaineer leaves it to others to 'climb the steep ascent of Heaven in peril, toil, and pain'; he prefers a more comfortable way of getting to the top — he 'follows by the train.'

Everywhere we find the same demand to make life easy, safe, and foolproof. The fine trees in our public parks are periodically mangled and reduced to the condition of clothes-props by our urban and county councils, because boughs have been known to be blown down in a high wind, or even, in the case of elm trees, to fall suddenly, and once in two hundred years some fool might be standing under the tree at the moment. Every workman must be

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insured against every variety of accident, even when it is caused by his own negligence. If a traveler slips on a piece of orange-peel, which he ought to have seen, in a railway station, or allows his coat to be stolen under his eyes in a carriage, he brings an action against the railway company, and wins it. We now demand to be personally conducted through life, all risks to be taken by someone else. After a century or two of this régime we shall all be as helpless as Lord Avebury's ants, who starved almost to death in sight of food because they were used to having it put into their mouths by their slaves.

All this may be right, or it may only be inevitable. But do not let us deceive ourselves. Nature will make us pay for it. Nature takes away any faculty that is not used. She is taking away our natural defenses, and has probably added nothing, since the beginning of the historical period, to our mental powers. The power of grappling with difficulties, and finding our way out of labyrinths, will soon be lost if we no longer need it. And after any derangement of our social order we might come to need it very badly. Besides, can we look with satisfaction at the completed product of civilization, a creature unable to masticate, to write, or to walk, a mere parasite on the machines that enable him to live? Many would prefer to be savages if they could have the magnificent physique of the Zulus or some South Sea Islanders.

There is a general slackness and dislike of unnecessary exertion among our younger people. It affects their religion, which they like to have given them, like everything else, in tabloid form, and without any irksome demands upon their energies. This is certainly not the religion of the Cross, and it compares badly with Michelangelo's words: 'Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for perfection strives for something that is godlike'; or with Newton's 'Genius is patience.'

But I refrain; for I hear my young friends saying to me: 'My venerable sir, when I am your age I shall talk just like that, and I suppose I shall find somebody to print it.'

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A BEDOUIN RAID[1]

BY GRETE DIEL

[THE present article consists of extracts from the war diary kept by Fräulein Diel while serving as a volunteer worker in the *Soldatenheimdienst* — which roughly corresponded to the Y. M. C. A. work in our own service — during the Palestine campaign of the German Army.]

September 16, 1918

Five o'clock in the morning. English airmen are humming across our roof. The buzz of their motors has a peculiar tone. It sounds as if they were in earnest. I jump up from my field bed, and a second later am in the adjoining reading-room. There is a terrific din all around me, a crashing and rattling from above and below, while all around the earth quivers and trembles. Our Club is being attacked with bombs. Shall we run for it? But where?

My first thought is the cellar, but the only way to reach it is down a flight of stairs outside the building, and bullets are whistling by the entrance. The Turkish sentries have got the range too short. The entrance is swept by machine-gun fire. Not a step toward the cellar is possible except at the risk of being shot. I spring back into the room. On the very spot where I was standing a few seconds before, a bomb explodes. For a moment, I am stunned. The only sign of life is in my hand. It hurts. A splinter must have struck it. All around me destruction reigns. Part of the wall is blown in. Bits of window glass come clattering down. Rubbish and wreckage cover the stone floors.

Suddenly there comes a great stillness, in which I can hear my own breathing. Has it all been a dream? Was all this a mere fancy due to the hot summer night of the Orient? Only the blood pouring out of my hand reminds me that I really have lived through it.

Now the uproar begins anew, though no longer in the immediate vicinity. From the flat roof of the building I can see the rest of the attack on the hill of Ebal where the German Headquarters lie under the eucalyptus trees. One bomb after another is bursting. At the same time the English airmen assail the German wagon-trains parked at the end of a long valley. The display is terrible, fearful. Now — now the fliers are circling over the field hospital. I leave my observation post with a sense of unspeakable regret.

Eight o'clock. I telephone the city commandant to ask instructions for the sisters at the Soldatenheim and for myself. 'The sisters will remain at their posts,' comes the answer; and at our posts we have stayed. There is a great bustle of activity everywhere, both in the Soldiers' Club and at the Officers' Club. Automobiles tear along, troops move off to the front. A rumor is in the air that the English have begun their offensive. We carry on with our duty. I feel calm, and move about. The Club looks the same as usual, except that my hand is bandaged. I bake cookies and Silesian seedcakes for the comrades as they hurry past. I sit

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *December* 11–14.

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about with them and chat, little suspecting that we shall never see one another again.

During the morning there is a telephone message from Haifa. I hear the voice of Colonel T——, who wants to know how Sister Grete is. Just then there is a short hum and buzz in the telephone, and after that nothing more. The enemy must have cut the line. I suspect that Colonel T——, knowing our exposed situation, wanted to move us back into safety. Too late! At luncheon time Colonel B——, the chief of staff, comes into the Club, looking more serious than usual. As he says good-bye he urges me not to go to bed that night — advice to which I at first listen carelessly, but which, after the events of the night before, seems quite obviously necessary in case the English should renew their early-morning attack. In the afternoon the funeral of the one German soldier killed in the air raid takes place. The injured are still alive, though some of them are badly wounded. The dead comrade is a colonist from Jerusalem. Little did I suspect that I myself should eight days later bring the sad news to his unsuspecting wife and children in their Egyptian captivity!

At nine o'clock in the evening march orders came for us. We were to withdraw at midnight with a hospital train. Packing our trunks, we say farewell to our Club, which we have been running for the last five weeks. Under the entrance marked 'For German Officers' I pause for a moment. To-morrow, probably, men in khaki will be strolling through it and saying 'How do you do?' as they shake hands. I take down the little German flag at the door of my room, and burn it in the garden. At midnight Chaplain R —— takes us to the hospital train — a hospital train of the Palestine variety: in other words, a couple of freight cars in which the field beds of the badly wounded have been placed. On the floor of the open car squat or lie some sixty slightly wounded Turks. The last car contains the baggage of the whole staff. With us, as medical personnel, goes a colonel of the medical corps, in command of the train, two men of the sanitary corps, and Sister Heta from the Nablus field hospital. Our Arab cook Regina goes with us sisters as a servant. There is no dissuading her.

Our destination is Djanin on the plain of Philistia. The night is oppressively hot, the air in our cramped quarters sultry, and through the stillness sound the groans of the sufferers.

September 17

Toward morning our train halts in the stony waste of Sila, near an abandoned German camp. The railway line has been destroyed by British aircraft. It is impossible to go farther. We get out and take counsel what to do. Then suddenly over our heads comes that well-known hum, and bombs are falling right and left around us. We try to find some way of letting the English airmen know that we are a defenseless hospital-train. Suddenly we hit on the idea of getting white sheets out of the train and waving them back and forth. With bombs bursting everywhere, we stand waving the linen in front of the wounded soldiers, in order to turn the enemy from his prey. The English understand, and while they circle over the German barracks, they keep away from us.

During the day, the Colonel leaves us in an effort to reach L——, and thence to send back an ambulance. I feel somewhat skeptical as to the plan.

As the first stars appear over the heights of Sila we set out our field beds in front of the train. We are dead tired after the excitement of the last few hours. It is agreed that we sisters

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shall sleep the first half of the night, while the medical attendants watch over the wounded. The night is very dewy, as usual in Palestine, and we have a wonderful sleep in the cool freshness until they wake us up.

September 18

Morning light comes at last. The stony desert wakens and becomes alive. Supple brown figures emerge through the half-light, dashing hither and thither; pipes shrill through the stillness of the morning; guns pop on the heights, and others crack back from the opposite hills. Then suddenly, as if they had sprung from the soil, some twenty Bedouins surround our train — wild creatures with torn garments, some of them completely naked, women with tangled hair, appallingly dirty, with greedy eyes. They seize us and search our clothing. We give them everything we can possibly spare in order to be rid of them. They rifle everything and then, as if the ground had swallowed them, vanish with the same uncanny speed with which they came. The Bedouins of Sila have a bad reputation, and we make ready for the worst.

Our next concern is to feed our sick. Such few provisions as we have are used up. Regina, our Arab servant-woman, goes off to a village near by to purchase provisions. In spite of the famine that reigns here as everywhere in Palestine, she manages to get bread and milk, and the Turkish soldiers meanwhile have killed a wild cock, from which we make some soup, so that we are sure of food for the sick at least.

Regina informs us that a visit from the Sheik of Sila, as well as the local hadji or teacher, is in prospect. It is not long before we hear the hoofs of horses and both men come riding down the hillside. They halt before our train, and the Sheik, still young and handsome, elegant in appearance, and wrapped in a flowing robe of green silk, greets us with elaborate Oriental courtesy. The hadji speaks German. He is a former pupil at the Schneller Asylum for Syrian Orphans in Jerusalem. Both have had friendly treatment from the German local physician at Sila during the war, and are obviously desirous of repaying this by friendliness toward us. The Sheik, however, warns us that his authority is very limited. The Bedouins who raided us in the morning do not belong to his tribe. He thinks it advisable that we should trust to the protection of his house, where, according to Oriental customs, hospitality will save us, and we may avoid further trouble. We accept his invitation on condition that we may bring our sick and the baggage with us. The Sheik consents. In the afternoon he will send us the necessary riding-animals and beasts of burden. We part. I hurry to the wounded men to tell them the good news, which obviously cheers them up.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the caravan came to take us away, but scarcely had it arrived when through the desert air came shrilling those selfsame pipes that we had heard in the morning, with others answering them in the distance. This did not long continue before a horde of Bedouins, this time in far greater numbers, were upon us. They surrounded the caravan, parleyed awhile with the Green Sheik, and then began to tear the trunks off the camels, where they had already been loaded. We watched them in indecision and amazement, until the hadji came out to us and explained the situation. The Green Sheik's efforts to save us were all in vain. The other Bedouins opposed him, and threatened his life in case he received us. We saw what a disap-

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pointment it was to our hospitable friend that his plan should thus fall through. He kept trying to reason with the excited crowd. No use! When he saw that his efforts were unsuccessful he sprang on his horse, his followers did likewise, and with heavy hearts we saw them withdraw to their village. The other Bedouins also disappeared, shrieking and shouting, and bearing the trunks with them as booty.

Again we are alone. The sisters and sanitary-corps men hope the German ambulance will soon turn up to take us out of our dangerous position. I am not counting on German aid any longer. My only hope is that the advancing English will reach us before it is too late.

The second evening in Sila. We are suffering from hunger and thirst. This time we sisters have decided to watch with the sanitary-corps men all night. Through the evening stillness comes the sound of hoofs. Six riders, among them four Bedouin sheiks who include our green friend, halt at some distance from our train. Their people build a fire, and the sheiks, gathering round, hold a council quite undisturbed by our presence. In spite of our serious predicament, I enjoy the charm of the drama: the magic of the Oriental night, the twinkling stars, the glowing firelight over the dark earth, and these bearded sons of the desert with their colorful and picturesque silken garments — it is all like an illustration from the *Thousand and One Nights*. Our brave Arab woman, Regina, prowls around like a cat whom danger threatens. She wants to know what is happening, and is trying to spy out the plans of her countrymen. She listens awhile and then, hastening back to us, whispers: 'Sisters, you must flee this very night. These men are planning trouble. To-morrow they intend to raid the hospital train and take everything. They'll kill the wounded and take you into captivity. You can imagine what that means.' She spoke with excitement. Her alarming news made us silent and thoughtful. We pondered for a while, then decided that our way lay clear before us. We must stick to our posts.

The sheiks sat about the fire for some time, but I felt no more pleasure in the picture. Toward midnight they disappeared in the darkness. The Green Sheik bade us farewell. There was a doleful handshake. 'May Allah shield you; I can do nothing more.' Then he too was gone.

September 19

The night passed without incident. Sister Käthe was suffering with a bad foot. We put her to bed among the wounded, in one corner of the hospital car. Then we gave the soldiers treatment. We could give them nothing to eat, for we had nothing.

Toward noon we saw an airplane land at a great distance. Sister Heta and I decided to hurry over and ask aid from the Englishman — for such the aviator must necessarily be. We set out. The way through the thorny bushes was difficult, and it took almost half an hour to reach the place where the aviator was working over his disabled machine. The English officer's eyes were round as saucers when suddenly he saw two German sisters coming toward him out of the bush. He snatched out his revolver as if he expected an attack, but when he heard the English words 'How do you do?' he grew somewhat calmer and put the revolver back in his holster. We told him who we were and asked for an English ambulance for our abandoned hospital-train. We told him, too, that there was need for the greatest haste, as we expected a Bedouin raid and feared the worst. He took us at our word, noted down our

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names, and promised to fly back to the English Headquarters as soon as his plane was ready and send us help. We learned from him that the English offensive had pushed in the German front and broken through. We heard the news and we did not hear it. The most important question for us now was the saving of our poor comrades from the savages. Before we started back the English officer offered us his last bit of chocolate. Hungry as we were, it tasted delicious, although it did not come from the country of Suchard-Cailler.

So now we might as well regard ourselves as prisoners of the English. On the way back we saw the English plane take the air again. English aid was beckoning to us. We waited in expectation.

Now for the third time the sound of those pipes which we knew only too well rang through the air, and from every hill hordes of Bedouins in countless numbers came streaming down the valley toward our train. This time they brought their camels, with the obvious intention of conducting their operations as expeditiously as possible. With shrieks and wild cries they swarmed into our baggage-car, tore out the chests and trunks, loaded them on their animals, and were off up the mountains. Two of the rascals pulled a heavy cask up a narrow mountain-path, others hoisted chests up behind them at full speed. Some pieces of baggage were opened on the spot, and wild dispute over their contents broke out. Clothing, uniforms, and linen were torn to bits. The tatters flew all around us. An old Bedouin woman tasted a tube of tooth paste with huge satisfaction. 'Good may it do you,' thought I. Another half-naked creature hung one of our white nurse's scarfs over her dirty body. When the baggage-car had been completely plundered and the treasure seized, the robber band started back to their nests. When they were gone, the railway embankment was absolutely clean; they had left not a rag behind. Only a couple leaves from a book fluttered on the ground, and when I picked them up I saw that they were the first pages of a Niebelungen novel, *Treue*, which a friend had once sent me in the field.

We had no illusions about our position. We knew that if the English did not come before long it was all up with us. The Bedouins would come back, and this time it would be a matter of our lives. Each of us turned to silent meditation. I sat down on a little mound of earth not far from the train. A lizard was sunning himself on the stone next to me. In a tuft of grass a cricket chirped. Otherwise there was nothing. It was still — almost like a holiday. I took farewell of things. I thought of the words once spoken by an Oriental who, some two thousand years ago, went up and down across this plain — the carpet-weaver Paul of Tarsus, who wrote in the hour of his greatest need: 'Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.'

Night set in, a night with an unusual number of stars even for the East, and still no sign of the English. Sister Heta and the two sanitary men were sitting on the steps of the car to keep watch over our comrades. Toward ten o'clock there were several shots. I was feeling cold and just about to put on my cloak when a bullet pierced it. One after another, more bullets whistled between our heads. No one was hurt. Silence for a few seconds, and then, with a wild shout, a crowd of men came rushing through the night. We could feel them coming closer and closer with their animal outcry. The first Bedouins reached our train. Two men, as tall as trees, armed with staves, planted themselves in front of us and tried to pull us

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off the steps. We defended ourselves and struck them a couple of blows with our fists, which they were prompt to return. They were getting the better of us. I felt a violent pain in my face and the left upper jaw. A couple of teeth were broken. One fellow dragged me off the steps and some distance up the line to a place where two cars were coupled together. He left me lying there. I was trying to get up when something dark came creeping under the car and toward me with a loud footfall. I saw Sister Heta, with four men bending her. They tore off her cloak and ripped it to bits. Then for a moment I fainted. When I could hear and feel again I seemed to catch, from a great, great distance, the voice of one of the sanitary men: 'Sister Grete, run as fast as you can.' As if in a haze, I saw two Bedouin women quarreling over one of my undergarments, which they must have taken off while I lay unconscious. By the time I was a hundred metres from the train I regained consciousness completely. Then I saw Sister Heta with me, besides two of the sanitary men and a Turk, whose red sash my companion took off and bound around me. Holding this he led me along. Behind us we could hear the shrieks of the Bedouins. Then I remembered. I wanted to go back to our people, to assist Sister Käthe. The sanitary men would not allow it. There was nothing more to save. The hospital car was lost, and it was their duty to get us safely away.

Too weak and miserable to think any more about it, I followed them, my will quite gone. We wandered all night long, almost always in silence. The jackals howled, but they seemed like music after the shrieks of the Bedouins, and sometimes I asked the sanitary men to let me lie down where I was and send an English ambulance later, saying that I could not go farther for pain. But the answer always came, 'You must go on!' — and I always could.

We wandered the whole night through without any plan, guided by the stars, here and there, through stony wastes and bushes. In the gray of the morning we came to a battlefield. Germans, Englishmen, Indians, lay dead together. When the sun rose we were startled at our own appearance. With bloody hands and feet, with torn clothing, dirty gray from the dew, without helmets, — for the Bedouins had snatched them from us, — we came suddenly upon a gigantic Indian who barred the way. He did not know quite what to do with these 'ladies' and their companions who came toward him from the battlefield. We grasped our situation in an instant, and as I saw him raising his weapon I cried quickly, 'Down! Down! Take us to your captain!' The sentry lowered his rifle and led us to an outpost. Here we were separated from the sanitary men. A hearty handshake: 'Thank you, you brave men!'

A quarter of an hour later Sister Heta and I are standing as prisoners before General F——, in the Headquarters of the advancing English army. We measure each other with mutual glances of surprise, as man to man, without question or reply. The General does not ask 'Who are you?' or 'How do you come to be here in such a plight?' He only says, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, 'You must have some tea.'

September 21

Next day we were taken to Cairo, whence we are to begin our journey homeward. Before leaving Samaria, we learned from General F—— that the English ambulance found the German hospital-train quite empty. Our countrymen were in safety in the house

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of the Sheik of Sila, and were taken hence to the English hospital at Jerusalem. After the Bedouins had definitely departed, the Green Sheik ventured a final attempt to save the wounded, and this time he succeeded. He found the soldiers terribly abused and stark naked. The Bedouins had taken even the bandages, and left them to their fate. Sister Käthe remained unhurt, thanks to the faithful Regina. In the General's opinion, it was a piece of luck that we left our countrymen and blundered into the English Headquarters, as otherwise the English would never have reached Sila so soon. There was no need for haste, as the key-position at Damascus was already carried and the success of the German Army in Palestine definitely blocked. The English aviator did not come in. Perhaps he had another crash.

PANTHEISM

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Observer*]

I SHALL become through endless days pursued
The imperishable atom of blind will
O'erwhelmed yet still resurgent to fulfill
A fatal task for evermore renewed.
I shall become the beauty kings have wooed,
Shall bud at dawn and fade at dusk, and still
I shall arise in countless scents that spill
To seek soft skies where silver stars are strewed.

And this my body slowly in the mist
Shall mingle like a grief for unknown things,
The bygone dreams of a vain heart forlorn;
And I with sundown shall keep trembling tryst,
And he with you, O poets still unborn!
That unseen sorrow that the twilight brings.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

WARMING OVER STRINDBERG

WHILE in the United States and England interest in the works of August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, seems to be waning, his books are widely read and studied both in Germany and the Slavic countries. It has been said that the younger generation of German writers is more influenced by Strindberg than by any other author of the recent past. In Paris some of his dramas are occasionally played, but on the whole the Latin races have not taken to him any more kindly than the 'Anglo-Saxons.'

In Sweden appreciation of him grows with the years. While still alive he suffered the usual fate of prophets in their own countries. Though beyond compare the greatest dramatist and prose-writer of his race, he was never awarded the Nobel Prize, or even elected to membership in the Swedish Academy which is supposed to justify its ancient motto, 'Taste and Genius.' But the common people continue to read him gladly. During the first ten-year period after his death his Swedish publisher sold on the average 120,000 copies a year of his different books, or a total of 1,200,000 — a respectable figure for a country with a population smaller than that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined. On the Swedish stage his plays are frequently presented.

The failure of the American and the English publics to like Strindberg better is a source of keen disappointment to his countrymen. They feel convinced that were he better known his books would be widely read and his dramas often played. In London a new attempt to popularize Strindberg was made last fall by the Sunday Play Society, which aims to introduce the works of foreign dramatists and to launch unknown actors on the days when ordinary performances are still forbidden by law.

One of the obstacles to a better understanding of Strindberg in English-speaking countries is the lack of an adequate general translation. The London company used the text of Edwin Björkman, published in New York, but in *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, Bror Centerwall, who lives in London, wrote: —

> My knowledge of English is too limited to permit me to criticize the translation, but I had heard earlier from authoritative sources that Björkman's rendition is too American for the English public. This time George Merritt revised the text, polishing it down into fairly smooth English. I had the Swedish original, and with the aid of a dictionary we found different words where there was doubt. A good English version of Strindberg is a challenge to our linguists.

A similar complaint had been voiced earlier in the same newspaper by Ernst Lindblom, who quoted from a round-robin letter sent out by Professor A. J. Uppvall at the University of Pennsylvania. After noting the active Strindberg cult in Germany and the better understanding of the Slavs, Professor Uppvall continued: —

> With respect to the United States and England, we may say with reason that he is dead, not only actually, but also in a figurative sense. In these countries he is known

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chiefly as the author of a few realistic dramas, available in translations by Edwin Björkman and Warner Oland — *The Maid-servant's Son, The Red Chamber, An Idiot's Confession, Marriage,* and a few other trifles. Some of these, moreover, are out of print. And on the basis of these works judgment is passed on Strindberg as a misogynist, an iconoclast, and a lunatic. There is no criticism worthy of the name.

One of the reasons for this neglect Professor Uppvall found to be the indifference of the heirs and administrators of Strindberg's estate. About three years ago, he wrote, an attempt was made by certain Swedish professors at the American universities to prepare a complete and correct translation, but their application to the heirs for authorization was referred to a New York lawyer, who was later found to be both 'notorious and irresponsible.' When informed of this the administrator of the estate answered haughtily that he did not care to bother with 'private contracts.' Next, the German legal representative, Justizrat Oscar Meyer of Berlin, was approached, and he referred the inquirers to 'The United Plays Company' in New York; but a letter there brought no reply. And so the project lapsed.

In Sweden a number of Strindberg studies and reminiscences have been published, but scholarly research has been blocked, according to Professor Uppvall, by a certain professor in Stockholm who has so far succeeded in preventing the publication of the author's letters. 'Apparently,' concluded Professor Uppvall, 'Strindberg is doomed to be pursued even after death by the same unkind fate which made his life so bitter.'

WORLD TRADE IN THE BRONZE AGE

THE extraordinary way in which substances found only in one part of the ancient world eventually make their way over thousands of miles is strikingly illustrated in a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. J. M. de Navarro of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. de Navarro declares that transcontinental trade in amber, practically all of which is found on the Baltic, had developed as early as the Bronze Age, and amber was finding its way, probably by sea, as far south as the Mediterranean. There was a maritime trade-route between the British Isles and Spain during the Copper Age or earlier, and during the late Stone Age a lively commerce went on between England and the Scandinavian countries across the North Sea. Mr. de Navarro might have added to his list of far-traveled bits of prehistoric art — though he did not — the piece of a semiprecious stone, found only in China, which Sir Gilbert Murray tells us was found in a prehistoric Greek tomb.

THE STORY OF A MILL BOILER

THIS diverting narrative is from the *Manchester Guardian.* It seems to have a moral concealed about it somewhere, but it would be difficult to say what the moral is.

Three workmen at Langho, Blackburn, relate as a joke what might have been a terrible tragedy inside a boiler of the type used in cotton mills.

The boiler was coated with oil, and the men entered it to clean it with petrol. Shortly afterward one of them commenced to sing music-hall ditties, another operatic selections, and the third to dance. It subsequently emerged that the action of the petrol on the oil had set up intoxicating fumes. Happily, the men were got out before any damage had been done, but it is recorded of one of them, a lifelong teetotaler, that he had some difficulty on reaching home in convincing his family of the true explanation of his condition.

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EPITAPHS ON THE PREHISTORIC

WHEN the Taungs skull was discovered, the London *Spectator* offered a prize for the best epitaph on the prehistoric ape who owned it, and whose demise took place before epitaphs had been invented. Someone wrote to the editor to ask him if he would n't please print a random selection of the manuscripts that came in, good and bad together, and not confine himself to the prize-winners.

Mr. Strachey, ever willing to please, complied, 'printing a few entries without any comment upon their merits.' The only contribution by a 'practising poet' is the first. Mr. Wolfe is that most unlikely of all combinations — an official in the Ministry of Labor, and a Poet.

And these were the epitaphs: —

Here lies a man, who was an ape.
Nature, grown weary of his shape,
conceived and carried out the plan
by which the ape is now the man.
— HUMBERT WOLFE

Pinions and snowy robes are not for him,
This early suppliant for Heaven's grace,
Yet in celestial halls his spirit dim
Has doubtless found a humble task and place
Whence he may wondering peer and see fulfilled
What he had vaguely dreamed and dumbly willed.
— G. T. REID

'Neath earth and rocks in this wild place
Lie shapely limbs and comely face
Safe from annoy.
For how couldst thou in life's grim race
'Gainst apes so fierce maintain a place,
Untimely Boy?
— MICHAEL MILLS

Here snarling died a beast, the first to find
That God brute-bound was stirring in his mind.
Philosophers the wide world over brood
Upon his living aims, his dying mood.
Dim distant Fate his destiny still shapes,
Forbear of Christendom and heir of Apes.
— DOUGLAS BOOT

'Here lies our Village Idiot, dead,' they say.
His fame shall come on disinterment day.
— E. B. S.

Here lies — as most Ethnologists think —
all that remains of the Missing Link,
A fossilized African Anthropoid Ape,
whose skull was of dolichocephalous shape.
His kinsmen noticed with terrified eyes
that he stood up straight and gazed at the skies.
Precocious Genius is ever a bore —
so they did him in at the Age of Four.
Over thy brainpan let Scientists gape!
Peace to thy spirit, poor Super-Ape!
— G. HEATHER MASON

Nameless you lived and fought; without a name
You still were when you severed earthly fetters.
So DART with justice spreads abroad your name
In all the pomp of five and twenty letters.
— P. M. S.

Mysteriously it stands alone;
Its bones now form Contention's bone.
— COQ.

Thou strange Resembler to our Human Kind,
Thou Agitator of the curious Mind!
Whose skull makes vain philosophers opine
That they can read Life's Riddle, and to ban
That Ancient Word, that Oracle Divine,
'In His own Image God created Man.'
— C. ERNEST PROCTOR

We know thou didst uprightly walk,
And not indulge in idle talk;
Excelling much the Chimpanzee,
With brain still not too big for thee.
If likeness thou didst bear to us,
In what, Australopithecus?
— G. P. N.

Here, under a glass case, lies
AUSTRALOPITHECUS AFRICANUS.
Obscure in life, still more obscure in death,
At the last, no doubt, he asked only for peace.
But Fame has searched him out,
And now the faithful among his descendants
Will argue hotly above his head.
Poor TAUNGS,
Whose gift was the inability to talk.
— H. V. YORKE

THE OLDEST OPERA

A COMIC opera nearly two thousand years old has been reconstructed by Professor Herman Reich, professor of Greek literature and philosophy at Berlin. For many years Professor

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Reich has believed that comic operas are very ancient, and in a book published twenty-five years ago he suggested that something of the sort existed in the days of the Greco-Roman Empire.

Only lately, however, has he been able to find a papyrus which supports his views. It contains the cues for the actors and the orchestra, and somewhat suggests a modern revue. It was originally discovered among the numerous papyri unearthed at Oxyrhynchus, but the work of deciphering it has occupied many years. The heroine of the opera is a beautiful young lady named Charition, who falls into the hands of an Indian king, a wholly comic figure, after a shipwreck. She is kept a prisoner in a temple on the shores of the Indian Ocean. Eventually her brother comes to rescue her, gives an exceedingly lively banquet in honor of the guards, and makes the King drunk so he can escape with his sister. The whole suggests a parody of *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The Indian king is a burlesque monarch who speaks a grotesque 'Indian' language invented by the dramatist for the occasion. He enters singing: —

'Panumbretikatatemanuanbretuneni,'

to which his entire court replies in solemn antistrophe: —

'Panumbretikatatemanuanbretuneni
Parakumbretikatemanuanbretuneni.'

It is interesting to note that Professor Reich is something more than an alert student of dramatic history. He has also been professionally connected with the modern stage, and Max Reinhardt followed his suggestions in staging many of Offenbach's operas. He has also influenced the mounting of Shakespearean comedy in Germany.

DICKENS AND THE GNATS

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* has discovered an old man who knew Charles Dickens well, living in a mediæval almshouse in Kent. The old fellow is Mr. Thomas Lockyer, now eighty-six years old. To the inquiries of the correspondent he gave this account of his association with the great novelist: —

I used to see a great deal of Mr. Dickens round Higham and Cobham, but I never looked on him as anything out of the ordinary. He was a nice sort of chap, and would crack a joke with anybody. He used to walk about with his big slate-colored dog, and was often accompanied by a woman.

There was no pride about him. I often saw him sitting in the woods and in the park, writing. I used to say to him, 'Hullo, Mr. Dickens; be the gnats troublesome to-day?' And he would answer, 'I 'm rubbing a little oil on the backs of my hands to keep 'em away. They don't like the oil.'

For two winters when I was a young man he came over to the Leather Bottle every other Tuesday evening to read some of his works to us. Why? I don't know, but I know he interested a lot of us on a good many nights when we might have been gallivanting about the streets and roads.

Fifty or sixty of us used to go to the Leather Bottle to hear him read. We came from all the parishes round. Mr. Dickens used to sit in an armchair, which is still there, and he read to us out of *Pickwick* and made us all laugh. He also amused us with Scrooge, but he also made our flesh creep and made us feel sorry for Tiny Tim.

Yes, 't was wonderful, but, you know, we did n't think much of Mr. Dickens at the time. You see he was not a very big man, but he had a fine head with a great handful of beard. After the readings he used to walk home to Gadshill, two miles away.

I played cricket with him. He was good for any sort of game. He got up matches between the youngsters of Higham and Shorne, and always played for Higham, his own parish.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Epistola: In Carcere et Vinculis, by Oscar Wilde. The complete version of *De Profundis*. Translated into German by Max Meyerfeld. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag, 1925.

A PASSING reference to 'a kind of apology for his life, a manuscript amounting to about forty-five thousand words,' in the *Dictionary of National Biography's* account of Oscar Wilde was the first intimation that the public had of the existence of the book — or rather, the fragment of a book — now known as *De Profundis*. Not until 1905 was anything more learned about the manuscript, which still lay hidden in the jealous custody of Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross. In January and February of that year a German translation of the abbreviated *De Profundis* was published by Herr Max Meyerfeld, the present translator of the complete version, in the *Neue Rundschau*, and shortly afterward appeared the English *De Profundis* as we now know it. The title had been supplied by Robert Ross, and his excisions were apparent in abrupt breaks in thought and the rows of dots which starred the pages. Ross had been at pains to conceal the fact that the manuscript was a letter, and for this purpose he had even gone so far as to introduce minor changes in wording. When Wilde's complete works appeared in 1908, however, Ross admitted in the dedication that *De Profundis* was 'a letter to a friend not myself,' and in his German translation of 1909 Herr Meyerfeld explained that this friend was Lord Alfred Douglas, who later wrote *Oscar Wilde and Myself*. In 1909 Ross presented the manuscript to the British Museum, stipulating that it was not to be published until 1960. He did this because the complete letter is filled with bitter reproaches which, though in no sense scandalous, made it seem desirable to hold the complete manuscript as a confidential document until after the death of all persons mentioned in it.

In 1912, however, the English journalist Arthur Ransome printed a critical study of Wilde which confined itself to his works, touching upon his life only as it related to them. One passage, however, though it did not make any mention of his name, was considered an insult by Lord Alfred Douglas, who promptly brought suit for slander. The author, in order to prove his case, fell back on the manuscript, which was brought forth from the Museum and read in open court. His attorneys would have been satisfied with the pertinent passages only; but Lord Alfred's counsel insisted that once the manuscript had been brought into court the whole eighty pages must be read, their object being to discredit the dead author's testimony by the manifold moodiness which his letter revealed. Thus it came about that the whole was read, and the public thus learned from the newspaper reports the general nature of its contents. The court rendered judgment against the plaintiff, and the manuscript went back to the Museum's safe-keeping.

Now, thirty-five years in advance of the complete English version which will probably be published in 1960, comes this German translation, bearing all the earmarks of authority and presumably made from a copy of the original which has found its way from Ross's hands into Herr Meyerfeld's. The title, *Epistola: In Carcere et Vinculis*, is that which Wilde himself suggested. From it the place which the English *De Profundis* occupies in the whole can be easily estimated. Roughly speaking, it is about one third, mainly chosen from the more general reflections — the central portions of the book, and omitting entirely the more personal beginning and end.

The letter opens thus: —

H. M. Prison, Reading

DEAR BOSIE, —

After long and fruitless waiting I have determined to write to you myself, as much for your sake as for mine, as I

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should not like to think that I had passed through two long years of imprisonment without ever having received a single line from you, or any news or message even, except such as gave me pain.

Our ill-fated and most lamentable friendship has ended in ruin and public infamy for me, yet the memory of our ancient affection is often with me, and the thought that loathing, bitterness, and contempt should forever take the place in my heart once held by love is very sad to me; and you yourself will, I think, feel in your heart that to write to me as I lie in the loneliness of prison life is better than to publish my letters without my permission or to dedicate poems to me unasked, though the world will know nothing of whatever words of grief or passion, of remorse or indifference, you may choose to send as your answer or your appeal.

I have no doubt that in this letter which I have to write of your life and mine, of the past and of the future, of sweet things changed to bitterness, and of bitter things that may be turned into joy, there will be much that will wound your vanity to the quick. If it prove so, read the letter over and over again till it kills your vanity. If you find in it something of which you feel that you are unjustly accused, remember that one should be thankful that there is any fault of which one can be unjustly accused. If there be in it one single passage that brings tears to your eyes, weep as we weep in prison, where the day, no less than the night, is set apart for tears. It is the only thing that can save you. If you go complaining to your mother as you did with reference to the scorn of you I displayed in my letter to Robbie, so that she may flatter and soothe you back into self-complacency or conceit, you will be completely lost. If you find one false excuse for yourself, you will soon find a hundred, and be just what you were before. Do you still say, as you said to Robbie in your answer, that I 'attribute unworthy motives' to you? Ah! you had no motives in life. You had appetites merely. A motive is an intellectual aim.

That you were 'very young' when our friendship began? Your defeat was not that you knew so little about life, but that you knew so much. The morning dawn of boyhood, with its delicate bloom, its clear blue light, its joy of innocence and expectation, you had left far behind you. With very swift and running feet you had passed from romance to realism. The gutter and the things that live in it had begun to fascinate you. . . .

I will begin by telling you that I blame myself terribly. As I sit in this dark cell in convict clothes, a disgraced and ruined man, I blame myself. In the perturbed and fitful nights of anguish, in the long monotonous days of pain, it is myself I blame. I blame myself for allowing an intellectual friendship, and a friendship whose primary aim was not the creation and contemplation of beautiful things, entirely to dominate my life. From the very first there was too wide a gap between us. You had been idle at your school, worse than idle at your university. You did not realize that an artist, and especially such an artist as I am, — one, that is to say, the quality of whose work depends on the intensification of personality, — requires intellectual atmosphere, quiet, peace, and solitude. You admired my work when it was finished; you enjoyed the brilliant successes of my first nights, and the brilliant banquets that followed them; you were proud, and quite naturally so, of being the intimate friend of an artist so distinguished. But you could not understand the conditions requisite for the production of artistic work. I am not speaking in phrases of rhetorical exaggeration, but in terms of absolute truth to actual fact, when I remind you that during the whole time we were together I never wrote one single line. Whether at Torquay, Goring, London, Florence, or elsewhere, my life, as long as you were by my side, was entirely sterile and uncreative. And with but few intervals you were, I regret to say, by my side always.

One does not ordinarily think of Wilde, the elegant dandy, as an apostle of plain living and high thinking, yet there is one

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passage in which he praises that very standard, and observes: —

> One of the most delightful dinners I remember ever having had is one Robbie and I had together in a little Soho café, which cost about as many shillings as my dinners to you used to cost pounds. Out of my dinner with Robbie came the first and best of all my dialogues. Idea, title, treatment, mode, everything was struck out at a 3 fr. 50 c. table d'hôte.

Sometimes there is a picture of prison life, as in this paragraph: —

> And if you had a spark of imagination in you, you would know there is not a man of those that were kind to me in my prison life, from the warder that used to wish me 'Good morning' and 'Good night' (no part of his prescribed duties) down to the common policemen who in their rough, friendly way tried to comfort me as I went to the bankruptcy court and back with my soul in bitter need, or down to the poor thief who recognized me as we made the rounds in the prison court at Wandsworth and, with that hoarse prison voice that comes from long involuntary silence, whispered to me the words, 'I am sorry for you; it is harder for your kind than for us' — not one of all these, I say, before whom you should be too proud to kneel and wipe the dust from his shoes.

One gets a clear though slightly exaggerated idea of the extent of Ross's excisions from this paragraph, in which the excluded sentences are restored — as well as retranslation can restore them, for it is of course impossible to reproduce the original English — and distinguished by italics from the sentences previously published in *De Profundis* itself: —

> People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approach them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. *It was like feasting with panthers;* the danger was half the excitement. *I felt like the snake-charmer when by his charm he makes the cobra rise before the particolored cloth or the bamboo wand and spread its hood as commanded, swaying back and forth in the air as a plant sways placidly in the stream. To me they were brightly gilded snakes, their poison a part of their perfection. I did not know that they would attack me to the piping and for the payments of another. I am in no wise ashamed to have known them, for they were very interesting; but what I am ashamed of is the frightful Philistine atmosphere into which I was dragged.* My business as an artist was with Ariel. I set myself to wrestle with Caliban.

Many pages after the last paragraph of the English *De Profundis*, the complete letter closes thus: —

> What the world and what I myself conceived as my future I lost irreparably when I let myself be hurried into the suit against your father. Indeed, I had lost it long before that. My past lies before me. I must bring myself to the point where I can look at it with other eyes, and I must bring God there too. And I cannot do that if I leave you unregarded, treat you shabbily, eulogize or slander. That I can only attain if I accept it as an inevitable part of the development of my life and being. Meanwhile, in all that I suffer, I bow my head. How far I am from the true quiet of the soul, this letter shows you clearly, with its contradictory, uncertain moods, its contempt and its bitterness, its striving and incapacity to transform that striving into fact. But do not forget in what a terrible school I sit at my task. And imperfect and incomplete though I am, you may still gain much from me. You wanted once to learn from me the joy of life and the joy of art. Perhaps I am called to teach you something far more wonderful — the meaning of sorrow, and its beauty.
>
> Still your friend,
>
> OSCAR WILDE

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Ludovic Naudeau is a veteran French journalist, now on the staff of the *Temps*, whose adventures would — and as a matter of fact do — fill several volumes. He was under fire in Port Arthur during the Japanese bombardment, and was later made prisoner by the Mikado's troops during the battle of Mukden. In 1918 he was captured again, this time by the Bolsheviki. In 1922 he was special correspondent of his newspaper in Rome. M. Naudeau is the author of numerous books, among them *Benito Mussolini*, *Le Japon moderne*, *En prison sous la terreur russe*, and a novel, *Plaisir du Japon*. His new novel is to be called *Châtiment et châtiment*. As for the present article, it may be as well to add that he is a lifelong student of world affairs who speaks German — also English and Russian.

Mrs. Asquith is just our old friend Mrs. Asquith — though nowadays she is also the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. **Hilaire Belloc,** Catholic apologist, friend of Chesterton, poet, historian, military critic, and several other things, looks with dark distrust on modern science and most of its teachings. In his present article he indulges in some ribald jeers at that popular hero, the Nordic. This is not surprising, however, for Mr. Belloc once so far forgot himself as to ridicule the bones of our anthropoid ancestors, and even their guardian angel, a certain Mr. Wells. The author of the companion article is a British physician who has given up practice in order to study and popularize the results of the most recent medical and biological investigations. His name, unfortunately, we are not allowed to reveal.

Henri de Kerillis, former officer of the French army and African adventurer, continues to shed light on the Dark Continent in a further article. **Willingham Franklin Rawnsley's** mother's cousin married Alfred Lord Tennyson. Our readers may work out the exact degree of relationship to suit themselves. **D. H. Lawrence** abandoned school-teaching for literature, his only resemblance to Mr. H. G. Wells — repeated reference to whom seems inevitable in this page this month. Mr. Lawrence is a novelist and poet, a member of the Imagist group, and like everyone else in the world has written a book about psychoanalysis. As his writings are often regarded as unduly frank, we hasten to assure our readers that 'The Hopi Snake-Dance' is almost obstreperously moral.

No writer in South America is abler or commands a wider hearing than the Argentine, **Manuel Ugarte.** As a journalist, he has leanings toward socialism of a not very violent kind. He is likewise an ardent opponent of imperialism and an advocate of South American union. As a novelist he is more concerned with the interpretation of Latin-American life than with political polemics. His stories include *Cuentos Argentinos*, *Una tarde de otoño*, and *Cuentos de la Pampa*.

If everyone were not perfectly well aware that the title of the 'Gloomy Dean' is more or less a joke, the **Very Reverend W. R. Inge's** strictures on the 'Spoon-fed Age' might seem to give some reason for it. Still, how can one expect the Dean of St. Paul's, with his Cathedral likely to come tumbling down about his ears at any moment, to take a cheerful view of his contemporaries?

As a 'Sister' in the *Soldatenheimdienst* of the German Army operating with the Turks in Palestine, **Fräulein Grete Diel** did work essentially like the Y. M. C. A.'s welfare work in our own service. When the retreat of the German Oriental Army began in the spring of 1918, she was on duty at Nablus, also known as Sichem, where field clubs for officers and soldiers had just been established. Her story is one of the few human records of this kind that have come through from the other side of the fighting-line.

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

Fairs and exhibitions of various sorts come into their own in the month of May, as Europe begins to gather way for its summer activities. Of prime importance is the reopening of the British Empire Exhibition for its second season, which will last until October; but there will be other exhibits of great interest in Europe, among them the Agricultural Machinery Exhibit and the Exhibition of Building Trades, both at Breslau; the Fair of German Invention at Manheim, May 1 to 7; the Munich Art Exhibition from May to September; the Vienna Exhibition of Arts, from May to June 30; and the International Exhibition of Hygienics — also at Vienna — April 1 to June 30; the Austrian Arts and Industry Exhibition in London, opening in May and continuing until October; a Horse Fair at Asti, in Italy; the International Tobacco Exhibition at Amsterdam during May and June; an Exposition of Agricultural and Horticultural Products at Avignon, April 25 to May 3; a similar display at Rennes during April and May; and the International Water Power Exhibition at Grenoble, May to October. London will hold a Printing Exhibition at Agricultural Hall May 16 to 30.

Gothenburg will hold its Eighth Swedish Fair May 8 to 10, and there will be a Furniture Exhibition in Berlin April 30 to May 9, while in Paris the International Philatelic Exhibition will be in progress one day longer, and the Entreprise Générale will display furniture throughout the month. Both Paris and Milan will hold International Exhibitions of Modern Decorative Art, in which Belgium will participate, from May to October. Prague has arranged an Agricultural Exhibition May 15 to 21, and Marseille an Exhibit of Inventions and Radio May 15 to June 30. The Stuttgart Agricultural Exhibition, which will include both live stock and seeds, will begin May 27 and end on June 1. Posen will hold an International Sample Fair May 3 to 10.

One of the most interesting German events will be the Millennial Anniversary Exhibition of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), which will continue through June and July. Coblenz will hold the One Thousandth Rhineland Anniversary Festival throughout May.

The Spring Salon will continue in Paris until June 28, and there will be numerous smaller art-exhibits at various galleries, among them drawings by Picart le Doux at the Nouvel Essor, April 28 to May 12; paintings by Fautrier at the Galerie Visconti on the same dates; and lithographs by J. Laboureur at the Nouvel Essor, May 14 to 31. Antwerp will combine an Exhibition of Art with an Exhibition illustrating the history of the city, from May to October. Of especial interest to musicians are the Mozart Festival at Baden-Baden which begins in May, the International Musical Competition which opens at Cannes May 31, with 100,000 fr. in prizes, and the International Music Festival at Prague, May 15 to 19.

During May there will be a number of those quaint religious festivals known in Brittany as 'Pardons,' among them the Pardon at Spezet, May 3; the 'Pardon of the Birds,' at Quimperlé, May 10; the 'Pardon of St. Yves,' at Paimpol, May 19; a Pardon and a torchlight procession at Montcontour, May 30; and a two-day Pardon at Chapelle St. Carré (Côtes du Nord), May 31 to June 1.

In Italy there will be several celebrations of great religious interest, including the ebullition of St. Gennaro's blood at Naples; a celebration in honor of Our Lady of Divine Love at Rome; the Festival of the Grillo at Florence; the Festival of the Candles at Gubbio; the Festival of St. Nicholas with the traditional procession and the blessing of the sea at Bari; the Festival of St. Luke at Bologna; and the Festival of the Bucintoro at Venice. The Procession of the Holy Blood will take place at Bruges May 4.

Horse-racing will be in full swing all through the month. Special events are the Grand Prix Ambrosiano (100,000 lire) and the Grand Prix (250,000 lire) on the San Siro Race Track at Milan; the trotting-races (500,000 lire) at Trieste; and races for the Florio Cup and prize at Palermo, which will also have horse races and a flower show; and motor-boat races on Lake Maggiore at Stresa. British sporting-events will include race meets at Newmarket, May 1; Hurst Park, May 2; Chester, May 6; Kempton Park, May 9; the Newmarket Stakes, May 13; the Derby, May 27; and the Oaks, May 29; plus the Amateur Golf Championship, May 20. Austria will offer the Semmering Motor Races on May 24.

Tokyo announces a general tournament in Kenjitsu (fencing) and in wrestling.

At Heemstede, near Haarlem, the International Flower Show will continue. Special displays for May include the Belgian Flower Show by the Société Royale d'Agriculture et Botanique de Gand, April 24 to May 3; the exhibition of bouquets, flowers, baskets, and cut flowers, May 6 to 10; and the International Flower Show, May 15 to 21.

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Can We Control Our Destiny?

THE determinist of to-day would say no.

Edward G. Spaulding, Princeton philosopher, in "The Walls of the Past" in the April Scribner's Magazine discusses the matter fully.

The answer of Dr. Spaulding's keen and tolerant mind in the April Scribner's Magazine is convincing.

In the May number he will write on "Why Men Disagree" — an intriguing topic.

★ ★ ★

Edith Wharton, in whose writing form and substance blend to stamp her as one of the greatest authors of our age, contributes "Telling a Short Story" to the April Scribner's Magazine.

She will continue her discussion of "The Writing of Fiction" in the May and June numbers of Scribner's Magazine with "Constructing a Novel."

Mrs. Wharton in April goes into the purpose and technique of the short story in a way to interest anyone who reads.

★ ★ ★

The April number of Scribner's Magazine contains "America After Fifteen Years" by H. A. L. Fisher, a leader of the Liberal party in the British Parliament.

★ ★ ★

The May number will have "Some American Women and the Vote" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, who presents the attitude of the woman who does not want to vote.

★ ★ ★

The April number has "Tom Shows" by J. Frank Davis.

★ ★ ★

The May number has "The Audience Can Do No Wrong" by Roland Young, popular actor and now starring in "Beggar on Horseback."

★ ★ ★

The April number has "Travelling With Creusa" by Arnold Whitridge.

★ ★ ★

The May number has "Fishing in Wisconsin" by Theodore Roosevelt.

★ ★ ★

And the June Scribner's Magazine will contain one of the greatest magazine features of the year, the details of which will come on this page later.

★ ★ ★

Scribner's Magazine each month is presenting articles that stimulate, refresh, and entertain, fiction that is unusual and interesting, criticism that is provocative and intelligent.

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